The Outlook

MARCH 2, 1921

THE NEW ADMINISTRATION'S SECRETARY OF STATE

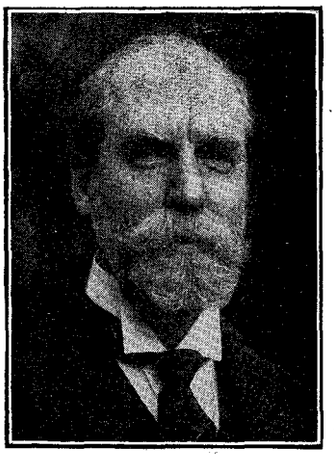
OF the Cabinet of President Harding, whose Administration begins this week, the office to which an appointment was first officially announced was appropriately that of Secretary of State.

In recent years the conduct of foreign affairs has proved of utmost concern to every household in the Nation, and in the years immediately ahead of us there will be further proof that the Department over which the Secretary of State presides has in its keeping the welfare of the Nation as no other department has. Moreover, in one sense the Secretary of State is a second Vice-President. He is the assistant conductor of the Governmental orchestra, the vice-chairman of the Governmental Board of Directors. For this, one of the most important governmental positions of the world, far exceeding in power and influence many a throne, Mr. Harding has selected one of the most eminent of American public men, Charles Evans Hughes.

There are few men in American public life as well known in the United States or better known abroad than he. He has been Governor of the most populous and the richest of the States, New York; he has been a Justice of the United States Supreme Court; he has been a candidate of one of the two principal parties for the Presidency and was barely defeated; he has been one of the Nationally acknowledged leaders of the American bar; he has been an investigator whose great legal ability, intelligence, and fearlessness have made him the reliance of friends of honesty in government and business and a terror to crooks and self-seeking politicians and incompetent officials, from the time of the insurance investigation over fifteen years ago to the investigation during the war into the aircraft situation.

Politically he has made enemies. Some of them, including Mr. Hearst, whose attacks upon him assisted greatly in early establishing his reputation, are to his credit. He has many admirers, but his career has not been such as to create for him a large body of political friends and adherents. The fact that he left the Governorship of New York in the midst of a political fight in order to take his seat upon the Supreme Bench, not to leave it again until he emerged as a Presidential candidate, saved him alike from political animosities and political attachments. His Presidential candidacy was so nearly successful as to leave him with a considerable political prestige. In the factional or party sense he has not been a Progressive, but he has been identified with distinctly progressive measures.

He has been a severe critic of certain features of the Wilson Administration, and in particular of certain features of the League of Nations as Mr. Wilson advocated it. On the other hand, he is



CHARLES E. HUGHES

not opposed to a League in principle and is strongly an advocate of establishing and developing international relations on the basis of the law.

The selection of Mr. Hughes as Secretary of State will be generally recognized, we believe, as appropriate. He comes to the office with an international reputation and with a great and invaluable measure of public respect. He will encounter the opposition and distrust of some of those, like Senator Johnson, who have been identified with the Progressive wing of the Republican party, because he has disappointed them as a politician and because they have felt that he was too friendly to the ideal of the League of Nations. His success in the Department of State, however, will depend less upon his ability to reconcile his political opponents than upon his ability to work with his chief and with his associates. Circumstances and events are offering him the opportunity of becoming one of the greatest American Secretaries of State.

MR. BRYAN'S OPINIONS

THE views of Mr. William Jennings Bryan are sometimes purely his own and sometimes they reflect widely held opinions, especially in the Middle West.

Mr. Bryan has just issued a statement outlining his suggestions for a National legislative programme for the proposed reorganization of the Democratic party. The programme contains twenty-two planks.

Some of them will meet with little, if any, opposition; as, for instance, the arbitration of international disputes, the inauguration of a new President and the assembling of a new Congress in the January following the November elections; the fearless enforcement of the Prohibition Amendment; riddance to the profiteer; a liberal provision for the soldiers and sailors who made sacrifices in the world war; official investigation of labor disputes; the prohibition of gambling in foodstuffs; the reorganization of the executive departments at Washington; and a reduction of taxes, showing consideration for those least able to pay. Most of these, however, are nothing more than pious wishes. Nobody advocates profiteering, for example, or gambling in foodstuffs. It is not enough to denounce an abuse; it is necessary to define it, if it is to be abolished, and then provide a practicable and reasonable measure to bring it to an end without creating greater evils in the process.

On the other hand, most people will, we think, oppose some of the planks—for instance, Mr. Bryan's denunciation of military training in time of peace, his upholding of the excess profits tax, his opposition to a sales tax, and the repetition of his plea for a guaranty of bank deposits.

Some of the planks are at least questionable, such as those providing for a formal assembly to do something which probably can best be done informally, namely, to discuss disarmament; those providing for a National bulletin "under the fair and equitable control of the two leading parties to furnish information as to political issues;" and for all necessary monopolies to be taken over by the National, State, and municipal Governments.

Two of Mr. Bryan's political and three of his financial planks are at this moment causing considerable discussion among members of Congress—the planks providing for a National primary election law and for absentee voting by mail, also the planks favoring Federal action to maintain the price of Liberty Bonds at par, the insistence that

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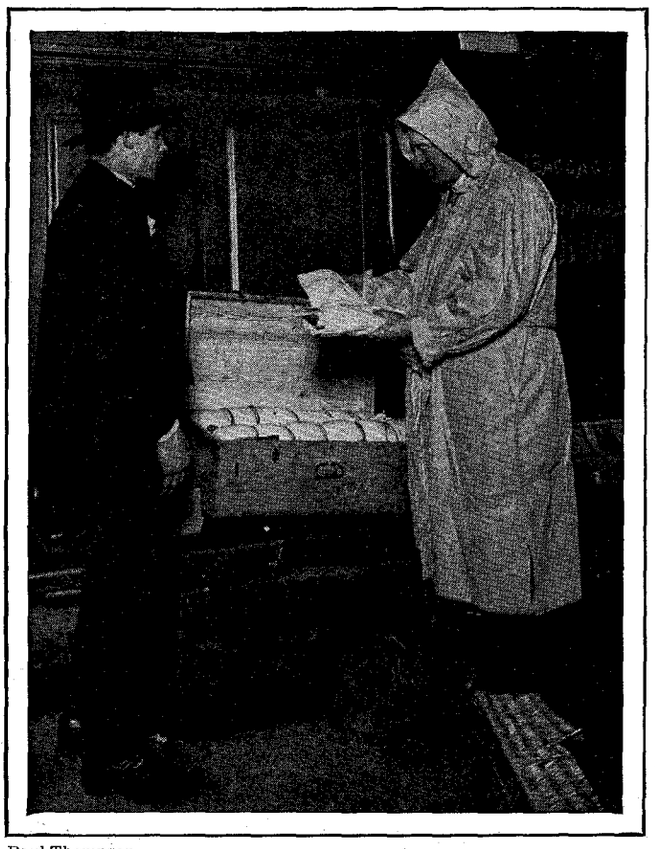

Paul Thompson

INSPECTING AN IMMIGRANT'S BAGGAGE IN THE SEARCH FOR POSSIBLE TYPHUS CARRIERS

the Federal Reserve Banking law "must not be used to squeeze the debtor by deflation processes," and the extension of the Farm Loan Bank Law.

FIGHTING TYPHUS FEVER

THE best-informed medical and sanitary experts believe that there is no danger of an epidemic of typhus fever in this country. This belief is founded on the assumption that thorough precautions are taken, first to keep it out altogether, if possible, and, secondly, to guard against centers of infection wherever a few sporadic cases may spring up.

Typhus, as most people know, is a disease communicable almost solely, if not solely, through body lice. It becomes epidemic under conditions of starvation, filth, and physical exhaustion. It is therefore almost certain to become epidemic in countries ravaged by war and reduced by lack of food to a poverty-stricken condition rendering proper sanitation and health measures impossible.

A comparatively few cases of typhus have been brought to this country from Trieste and other Adriatic ports. The long voyage makes it possible to identify the disease positively, and therefore to quarantine and isolate, when necessary, all immigrants who have been exposed to the contagion. With thorough cleansing measures and after continued examination, it seems certain that the spread of infection can under the conditions existing in this country be fully prevented. A very few deaths and a small number of cases have been reported in New York State, and a few cases in the States of Connecticut and Pennsylvania.

Dr. Copeland, the Health Commissioner of New York, appealed at once to the Washington authorities for co-operation. That he certainly should have; National, State, and municipal health and police authorities should work together with the utmost vigilance and in unanimity. Dr. Copeland has charged laxity at Ellis Island and at Boston and other ports, and has stopped immigrants who have been forwarded by rail still infested with vermin. The task of examining, cleaning, and watching many hundreds of immigrants is enormous and space and facilities must be increased.

There is no such menace from typhus as we used to fear in the past from yellow fever and cholera. The nature of the disease and the advance of medical science in dealing with it make it highly improbable that there will be a disastrous epidemic. There is no cause for alarm, much less for panic. There is every reason for thorough measures of protection and watchfulness.

A MYSTERIOUS DISEASE

THERE is more mystery than cause for alarm in the so-called sleeping sickness, or *encephalitis lethargica*, as the doctors call it. It is true that there have been some scores of cases of this disease, or at least cases which were so classified locally, during the winter. In New York City, for instance, the Health Department registered one hundred and eighty-seven cases and forty-eight deaths between January 1 and February 15. Elsewhere, both in the East and the Middle West, a comparatively few cases have been reported here and there. There has been nothing, however, that can be called an epidemic, and physicians generally do not seem to anticipate an epidemic.

Dr. Scherechewsky, Assistant Surgeon-General of the Federal Public Health Service, is reported as saying that the danger of having sleeping sickness and dying of it is only about one in one hundred as compared with pneumonia, and it is far less communicable than pneumonia, so that there is really no cause for general alarm.

What is known positively about the disease is that it appears only in the colder months of the year and that it has nothing whatever to do with the tropical disease called sleeping sickness, which is propagated by the bite of the South African tsetse fly. Dr. Simon Flexner, who is an authority on the disease, has stated in a printed paper that the sleeping sickness in this country can be traced indirectly to an epidemic in Vienna five years ago. For some time physicians were inclined to ascribe the cause of the disease to that form of food poisoning known as *botulism*. This theory has now been discarded. Dr. Flexner believes that the cause is quite independent of diet and that "it is probably of a microbic origin and of a communicable nature." Other authorities agree in this and declare that it is a nose and throat disease; naturally, therefore, appearing in winter. It is not contagious in the ordinary sense, as is shown by the fact that it is a very rare thing indeed for more than one case to occur in one family.

The precautions recommended are those which are generally applicable to careful health preservation in wintertime, such as being in the open air a good deal, keeping away so far as possible from persons with colds, dressing warmly, and avoiding crowds and bad ventilation.

The disease derives its common name from the fact that the person affected falls into a condition of drowsiness and sometimes remains asleep or in a semi-comatose condition for days at a time, falling asleep sometimes in the midst of

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FOOD, DRINK, AND ECONOMY

CARTOONS SELECTED BY OUTLOOK READERS

Ctale in the Los Angeles Daily Times

"IT IS A SIMPLE MATTER TO TAKE THE SAME CEREALS THAT COWS EAT AND MAKE THEM INTO A MILK WHICH IS SUPERIOR TO THE NATURAL ARTICLE THE COW IS THE CRUDEST MACHINE IN THE WORLD." - HENRY FORD.
RATTLE
RATTLE
GAS
FORD ONE COW POWER MILK FLIVVER
BUZZ
BUZZ
VACUUM FEEDER
CONDENSED MILK
CTALE

DO WE HEAR A HORSE LAUGH?

From H. F. Clark, Los Angeles, Cal.

Cheney in the London Weekly Dispatch

THE SPOIL-SPORT

Youth: "Drat the girl! She's gone and brought her mother with her."

From Mrs. Daniel Child, Stanford Bridge, Worcester, England

Knott in the Dallas Morning News

THE CAT WITH 9,000 LIVES IS DROWNED AGAIN

From Major I. J. Nichol, Dallas, Texas

Harding in the Brooklyn Eagle

IT'S A TOUGH JOB, EVEN FOR AN ELEPHANT, WHEN THE WEEDS GET A BIG START!

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his work or even at meal times. It must always be remembered that where mystery and peculiar conditions like those of this sickness exist there is a great tendency to exaggerate its extent. Unless present indications and the opinion of the medical authorities are entirely mistaken, it is extremely improbable that there will be a dangerous and destructive epidemic.

NORTH DAKOTA NEAR THE ROCKS

FINANCIALLY, the State of North Dakota seems near the rocks. South Dakota bonds are selling at a premium, but North Dakota cannot borrow even at a far higher rate of interest. The reason is found in the breakdown of the State Bank of North Dakota, a concern established by the Non-Partisan League on gaining complete political control of the State. The bank is owned by the State, and is empowered to be the depository of State, county, municipal, and school district funds and to make loans.

The results of the elections on November 2, 1920, showed a change in public sentiment adverse to the League. Two measures proposed by its opponents were adopted. The first restricted the domain of operations hitherto granted to the bank, confining it to rural credits and making impossible the financing of various industrial projects which were the League's chief reason of being—the establishment and operation by the State of grain elevators and flour mills, and even the building of residences. The second measure repealed the legal requirement which the Non-Partisan League had succeeded in getting adopted, that all the State's political subdivisions should deposit their funds with the banks. Before the Bank of North Dakota was established these funds were generally kept in the home banks.

Moreover, A. C. Townley, the head of the League, has now been defeated in control of it by his very active lieutenant, William Lemke, Attorney-General of the State. The League's opponents are demanding a recall election to unseat Lemke, and also Governor Frazier, the remaining member of the powerful triumvirate, and also to provide for the deposit of public moneys in private banks, thus taking such moneys from the Bank of North Dakota and automatically forcing its liquidation. On the other hand, the bank appeals to the citizens to support its programme of freeing the farmers "from the iron grip of the exploiters."

At the present time, just as during the past two or three years, the outstanding fact concerning the connection of the Non-Partisan League with the history of North Dakota is not so much its past Socialistic strivings or its later financial instability as that it has become a close corporation and has had a greater grip on public problems in that State than has Tammany in New York State. A self-perpetuating machine, the League has had its hand on every branch of State machinery. No matter whether its propaganda has been good or bad, the breaking up of any political oligarchy will benefit others than the oligarchs.

YALE'S NEW PRESIDENT

FOR the first time since the day of Abraham Pierson, when there were no Yale graduates to choose from, Yale has chosen as President a non-Yale graduate. In announcing the unanimous election by the Corporation of James Rowland Angell as the successor of Arthur Hadley to the presidency of the University the official statement tersely gives the reason as follows: "Yale is a National university, and the Corporation has endeavored to choose for its head the ablest educational administrator available in the United States, irrespective of the college of his graduation or the place of his residence." The decision follows ten months of study of the situation in an effort to decide on the strongest man available and after consideration of no fewer than eighty names. The Corporation expresses its belief that "no one in America combines the breadth of educational experience and business ability, high public service, and spiritual ideals more completely than Dr. Angell."

(C) Harris & Ewing

JAMES ROWLAND ANGELL

Dr. Angell's educational and other public career shows that he has high qualifications as scholar, teacher, and administrator. He is one of the most eminent of American psychologists and has taught psychology at Yale as well as at the University of Minnesota and elsewhere. In college administration he had experience at the University of Chicago, where he was Acting President. As chairman of the Carnegie Corporation Trustees his executive leadership was fully put to the test. The Corporation of Yale is amply justified in selecting him as a man who —to use President Hadley's words—in character, scholarship, and public spirit is in line with the highest traditions of the office, a Western man thoroughly familiar with Eastern ideals.

Dr. Angell is a graduate of the University of Michigan, over which his distinguished father so long presided. He holds degrees from the University of Vermont, Harvard, and two foreign universities. He has had the honor of being called to the Paris Sorbonne as an exchange professor in 1914. For eight years previous to that he was President of the American Psychological Association.

Yale has traditionally been a conservative institution, averse to self-advertising, reluctant to enter into sensational methods of publicity, perhaps a little self-centered. The choice of President Angell may indicate that, with no loss of dignity, soundness, or thoroughness, there may be a wholesome new effort to nationalize, rather than to localize, her usefulness and her field of effort.

CAN A JUDGE SERVE BASEBALL AND THE LAW?

FRIENDS of clean sport welcomed the recent appointment of Judge Kenesaw Mountain Landis as the chief arbiter of the disputes of the baseball world. The acceptance of this office (which carries with it a salary of $42,500 a year) has brought down Congressional fire upon Judge Landis's head. Representative Welty, of Ohio, has charged that he has neglected his official duties for another gainful occupation not connected therewith, and because of this and other reasons has moved that the Judge be impeached. Congressman Welty's motion for impeachment was referred to the Committee on Judiciary.

Whether or not Judge Landis's action warrants such drastic treatment, it seems obvious that a Federal judge who accepts a business office which pays a salary more than five times the size of that bestowed upon him by the Federal Government lays himself open to justifiable criticism.

It is entirely possible that Judge Landis can conduct his private and public work without any real detriment to the latter. We feel sure that he would resign one or the other of his offices if he felt that he could not do concurrent justice to them both. Knowledge of his divided interests, however, will inevitably react adversely upon public confidence in his judicial single-mindedness.

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THE CONTEST LETTERS

OF the four hundred who contributed letters to the Prize Contest only one per cent could be successful in winning prizes. (Their letters are printed elsewhere in this issue.) A much larger proportion, however, will receive compensation for their contributions. Altogether, the proportion of those whose letters will be printed in full or in part is very much larger than the percentage of the accepted manuscripts among the hundreds that are submitted to The Outlook each month. It is evident that the participants in this contest compare favorably with other writers.

Among the reasons for their success, we believe that three are fairly obvious. One is that they knew their subject and were interested in it; another is that they were under pressure to write tersely; and the third is that they could not write about this subject without revealing something of themselves. Will all writers please take notice?

No one of the contestants, we are sure, will object to the fact that we have interpreted our own rules liberally. One of the contestants who was successful exceeded in her letter the number of words set as a limit. If the prize awarded to her had been withheld from another, there might have been some occasion for complaint; but it happens that hers is an additional prize which no one would have won if she had not. Moreover, to have denied her the prize would have penalized her for a literary virtue. Her letter occupies no more space than one of the letters that came within the five-hundred-word limit. She put six hundred words in the space not too great for five hundred because the words she used were short and simple.

To the winner of the first prize we wish to offer an acknowledgment and proffer a defense. Ignoring superficial blemishes, of which he might have found plenty (we know that, because we find them ourselves), he directed his fire upon a vital part. To change the figure, he diagnosed what, if he is right, is a functional defect. His probe found a tender place where we thought we were sound. Evidently Mr. Gathany's articles, the articles by the farmers' wives, and other contributions and our editorial discussion of agriculture and the social and economic problems of the farmer (which we could catalogue by reference to our file indexes) have seemed to a fair and deserving critic quite inadequate. Our natural impulse was to put up a defense, but our judgment has prevailed over the impulse, and we hand out a prize.

To all our friends who have thus counseled us we send our thanks. We cannot with sincerity wish all who failed this time to succeed in one of the remaining contests, for that would drain our treasury and strain our space; but we hope that many of those who failed this time will try again with better luck.

Where the Prize Contestants Live

Letters to The Outlook's Prize Contest came from the following places:

ARKANSAS—Fayetteville, Hope.
CALIFORNIA—Alhambra, Berkeley, Colton, Eureka, Fallbrook, Fontana, La Jolla, Los Angeles (6), Los Gatos, Mill Valley, Monrovia, Pacific Grove, Palo Alto, Pasadena (3), Patchin, Redlands, San Diego (2), San Francisco (7), San José (2), South Pasadena.
COLORADO—Boulder, Denver (2), Hayden.
CONNECTICUT—Hamden, New Haven, New London, Norwich Town, Orange, Stafford Springs, Stamford (3), Waterbury.
DELAWARE—Richardson Park.
DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA—Washington (6).
FLORIDA—Deer Park, Georgiana, Orange City, Orlando, Tampa, Tarpon Springs.
GEORGIA—Atlanta (2), Macon, Waycross.
IDAHO—Pocatello.
ILLINOIS—Alton (2), Astoria, Aurora, Champaign, Chicago (3), Cuba, Evanston, Galesburg, Jacksonville (2), Lincoln, Mount Carroll, Oak Park (2), Polo, Princeton, Rock Island, Virginia, Watseka, Winnetka.
INDIANA—Auburn, Brazil, Butler, Coatesville, Columbia City, Evansville, Indianapolis (4), Lafayette, Linton, South Bend.
IOWA—Burlington, Charles City, Coon Rapids (2), Des Moines, Estherville, Harlan, Lamoni, Newton, Salem, Waucoma.
KANSAS—Arkansas City, Baldwin City, Beloit (2), Hiawatha, Oberlin, Oswego.
KENTUCKY—Shelbyville, Mt. Sterling.
LOUISIANA—Jeanerette, New Orleans.
MAINE—Mechanic Falls, Portland (2).
MARYLAND—Cambridge, Cumberland, Sykesville (2), Gaithersburg.
MASSACHUSETTS—Belmont, Boston (6), Brockton, Brookfield, Chelsea, Concord, Danvers, Dedham, Easthampton, Fall River, Harwich Centre, Lynn, Merrimac, Roxbury, Springfield, Wellesley, Westfield.
MICHIGAN—Ann Arbor, Charlotte (2), Conway, Detroit (3), Flint, Grandville, Highland Park (2), Iron Mountain, Lansing, Marquette, Petersburg.
MINNESOTA—Detroit, Duluth, Madelia, Montevideo, Pipestone, St. Paul (2), Waseca.
MISSISSIPPI—Raymond.
MISSOURI—Kansas City (5), Poplar Bluff, St. Joseph, St. Louis (2).
MONTANA—Gilman, Great Falls, Kalispell.
NEBRASKA—Lincoln.
NEW JERSEY—Allentown, Boonton, East Orange (2), Haddon Field, Hillsdale, Newark (4), New Brunswick, Newton, Plainfield (3), Trenton, West Orange, Woodstown.
NEW HAMPSHIRE—Chesham.
NEW YORK—Albany, Auburn, Brooklyn (5), Buffalo (3), Cazenovia, Deansboro, Elizabethtown, Falconer, Fredonia, Garden City, Hudson, Hudson Falls, Katonah, Kew Gardens, Lake Placid, Millbrook, New York City (18), Niagara Falls, Oneida, Perry, Rochester, Scarboro, Schenectady (3), Sodus, Town Line, Troy (2), Wassaic, Watertown, Webster, Westfield, White Plains (3).
NORTH CAROLINA—Asheville (2), Durham, Tryon, Wise.
NORTH DAKOTA—Bathgate.
OHIO—Akron, Basil, Birmingham, Cincinnati (3), Cleveland (3), Columbus (4), Dayton, Findlay, Garrettsville (2), Mansville, Masury, Milford, Wellsville, Wyoming.
OKLAHOMA—Edmond (2), Tulsa.
PENNSYLVANIA—Bethlehem, Brookline, Columbia, Conshohocken, Coopersburg, Drumore No. 1, East Stroudsburg, Erie, Franklin, Greensburg, Lancaster, Lock Haven, Mercersburg, Montgomery, Mt. Pleasant (2), Philadelphia (7), Pittsburgh (2), Pittston, Scranton, Southampton, Swarthmore, Wellsboro, Wilkinsburg, Wilkes-Barre (2), Wyncote.
RHODE ISLAND—Providence, Westerly.
SOUTH CAROLINA—Greenwood, Summerton.
SOUTH DAKOTA—Binder, Greenwood, Miller, Mission Hill, Mobridge, Hot Springs.
TENNESSEE—Athens, Greenville, Nashville.
TEXAS—Abilene, Austin (2), Cuero, Galveston (at sea, en route to), Van Alstyne.
UTAH—Ogden.
VERMONT—Enosburg Falls, Middlebury, Montpelier, Orleans.
VIRGINIA—Blackstone, Ivy, Lexington, Meadow View, Petersburg, Richmond, South Boston.
WASHINGTON—East Stanwood, Port Angeles, Seattle (2), Spangle, Tacoma, Yakima.
WEST VIRGINIA—Fairmont, Morgantown (2), Moundsville.
WISCONSIN—Belleville, Beloit, Blue River, Burlington, Edgar, Madison (4), Milwaukee, Peshtigo.
WYOMING—Buffalo.
ONTARIO—Ingersoll, Kingston, Scotland, Stratford, Toronto.
NOVA SCOTIA—Halifax, Wolfville.
MEXICO—Mexico City.

AMERICA FIRST

SURELY. As the first duty of a father is to protect his family and promote its interests, so the first duty of a government is to protect its citizens and promote their interests. But, as no father can protect his family without taking his share in preserving law and order in the community of families, so no nation can protect its citizens without taking its share in preserving law and order in the community of nations. National well-being is imperiled by international anarchy.

This is always true. It is very evidently true in the present world conditions.

To protect civilization from the assaults of the Huns the Great Powers of the world combined. The peril to civilization still continues; but the combination no longer exists. One very difficult duty which confronts the incoming Administration is the duty of securing an efficient co-operation between the four great world Powers—Italy, France, England, and America—to preserve law and order in the world. For the war is not over. The combatants have changed their form, but not their spirit.

Socialistic Germany is not less possessed by aggressive ambition than was imperial Germany. She has the will, though she temporarily lacks the power, to be the overlord of Europe.

Bolshevik Russia is under a dictatorship as absolute as that of the Czar, and frankly announces her purpose to overthrow the traditional rights of person and property in all civilized states as she has already overthrown them in her own territory.

The dethroned and exiled autocrats are plotting how they may regain their lost authority, and they have astute and unprincipled advisers in the aristocracies which have been deprived of their wealth and their power by the revolution.

The emancipated peoples have had no training for self-government, and the tragic experiences of Poland and Hungary demonstrate the peril which always attends the possession of power without intelligence to guide it.

The danger to civilization was hardly greater in 1914 than it is in 1921; the need of co-operation among the civilized nations was hardly greater during the war than it is in this puzzling period of

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reconstruction. And that co-operation must be between the peoples, not merely between kings and prime ministers.

This is the international problem which confronts the incoming President. It will not be solved by merely amending the Covenant of the League or abolishing that Covenant and constructing a new League. Somehow the statesmen must discover or create a common spirit and a common purpose in the peoples of these four Great Powers before they can construct the machinery to accomplish that purpose. And this spirit and purpose must be developed from within, not imposed from without. If this is to be done, the President must secure:

Unity between himself and the Senate; for he shares with the Senate the responsibility of conducting international negotiations to a successful issue.

Unity in the Republican party. If a real unity cannot be accomplished between the progressive and the conservative wings, a working alliance between them must be achieved.

As far as possible, unity in purpose and design in our international relations between the two great parties. They may differ in domestic policies and unite in foreign policy. A united America is needed to be a leader in world policies in the present crisis.

And if America is to succeed, she must go to the foreign nations, not with a completed plan to be accepted or rejected, but with a fluid plan, subject to conference, discussion, change—not in the essential purpose to maintain law and preserve liberty and justice, but in the methods to be adopted in order to accomplish that purpose.

Mr. Harding has been criticised for not proffering a well-defined plan to take the place of the present League. He has been wise. For any plan of international co-operation to be of practical value must be worked out by international conference, and must so appeal to that love of liberty and justice which is dormant in all peoples that it will arouse an enthusiasm which will be more than a match for the fanaticism of despotism and rapacity which confronts it and which it has to conquer.

WANTED—MORE POLITICIANS

WE are not afraid lest Mr. Harding appoint too many politicians in his Cabinet; we are disturbed lest he put in too few. We think that this statement can be defended even if "political appointments" be defined as "appointments made for party interest" and the word "politician" be defined as "a man who works for his own party all the time." Neither of these definitions can be found in the dictionary, but they have a secure place in the popular mind.

When a President makes a dubious appointment to pay a personal debt or to satisfy a local clique, he does not make a political appointment; he makes an appointment which is definitely bound to react against the interest of his party. Such an appointment is not food upon which a party can grow; it is only a drug used to stifle hunger pains.

If a President is a real politician, devoted to the best interests of his party and desirous of surrounding himself with men of similar aim, he will choose those who satisfy the National demand for efficiency, courage, and vision. He will choose men who will not be afraid to "turn the rascals out" even if the rascals bear the same party labels as themselves. He will choose men who will not be afraid to work for the reorganization of their departments even if such a reorganization reduces the number of plums for distribution. He will choose men who can think in terms of the Nation and whose names are accepted as current coin of the land in the marts of public opinion.

No party, no matter what its apparent balance in the bank of popular favor, can be sure that the deposit will be permanent. A plurality of millions in one National election may disappear in four years and leave party leaders bankrupt in votes.

The only way out of the difficulty is for party leaders to play politics of a brand which appeals to the twentieth-century American electorate.

THE GREEN GODDESS AND THE MATTER OF MURDER

FOR sophisticated and consistent villainy we commend William Archer's Raja of Rukh. For a highly developed feeling for drama and a Satanic sense of humor we commend the same inestimable gentleman. Who is the Raja of Rukh? He is the central figure in "The Green Goddess," a play of "a remote region beyond the Himalayas" and of that indefinable region which we can only attempt to define as the West's idea of what the East ought to be like. Romance, intrigue, and color—this is what the West demands when it is asked to look at a play of Eastern life. And William Archer in "The Green Goddess" has filled the extended cup of the West to overflowing.

The first act of "The Green Goddess" finds an English major and his wife and a doctor-aviator in an airplane wreck above the portal of the Temple of the Green Goddess. They have crashed in an attempt to cross the Himalayas, but all four (we include the major's pocket flask) have escaped unhurt. We mention the major's flask because it has a real rôle in the play.

While the temple attendants stand around in awe of this strange bird which has descended with its unbidden guests from the sky, we are permitted to learn that the major and his wife are not happily married. The major, indeed, is quite frank in the statement of his belief that his wife would not take it amiss if he should drink himself to death and leave her free to marry the doctor-aviator. After a short acquaintance with the major, the audience is quite ready to keep the major out of prohibition territory (or should we say, in prohibition territory?) until this result has been achieved.

This necessary exposition of the situation over, the Raja of Rukh (played by George Arliss) arrives with his bodyguard upon the scene. Does the Raja speak English? He does. Educated in an English university and on the Continent, he has succeeded in combining the vices and graces of Eastern and Western civilization with a complete intellectual detachment from both. His Prime Minister, valet, cocktail-shaker, and cabinet consists of one cockney Englishman whose loyalty to the Raja is chiefly dependent on the fact that there is a price upon his own head in all regions which owe allegiance to or exchange criminals with the British lion.

Unfortunately for the three visitors from the sky, it develops that three brothers of the Raja have been sentenced to death for a political murder on the farther side of the Indian frontier. With perfect humor and courtesy the urbane Raja extends to the major, his wife, and the doctor the hospitality of the palace a hospitality the limit of which he sets upon the day when the Raja's three brothers are to be executed. The only concession which the Raja is willing to make in the decree that his three visitors must die on that date is an exception in favor of the major's wife, whom he offers to protect from the anger and fanaticism of his people on condition that she accepts a place in his seraglio.

Offers to secure an exchange of prisoners do not interest the imperturbable Raja. His people, bent on vengeance demand the death of the shipwrecked mariners of the air. As for himself, he sees no reason to interfere, for he does not desire the return of his brothers. If the British Government is kind enough to remove them from this world, why there will exist just three fewer excuses for a revolutionary outbreak in his kingdom. Why should a despot desire to preserve three possible and jealous heirs to his power?

Among the things which the Raja ha

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borrowed from the West is a complete wireless outfit. The only hope of the three unwilling guests of winning their way to freedom lies in the seizure of this wireless outfit and the transmission of a message to the British air forces in India. The major is a skilled wireless operator, but he has a defective memory. He has forgotten the wave length which must be used in order to reach the nearest British station.

There is but one chance left. Watkins, the renegade Englishman, must be bribed to transmit the message. He accepts the offer of all the money which the three travelers possess, goes to the wireless, and proceeds to send a series of meaningless dots and dashes into the air. The doctor and the major repay this treachery by dropping him from the window of the tower in which the wireless room is located. The major jumps to the transmitter, his memory returns, and the appeal for help is sent forth into space.

Suddenly the Raja enters, shoots the major, who declares with his dying breath that he has failed to reach the British station. Whether or not he did succeed we leave to our readers' imagination, and whether or not the doctor and the major's wife escape we must likewise leave clouded in the same uncertainty. And even if the reader, who may later be a spectator at this play, should guess the correct answer to these questions, there will remain an element of surprise and suspense in the last act of this entrancing play which cannot be destroyed by description or any advance information.

If we leave our two voyagers and the dead major in the wireless room of the Raja's palace, it is only to turn to a subject which has always interested us as an important phase of the psychology of the play-goer. The subject can be summed up in the question, When is murder (on the stage) justified? It is at once apparent that dramatic murder and murder in real life are two very different things. Justification which satisfies a play-goer would very infrequently satisfy a court of law. Is it because we divorce play-deaths from reality, or because we, as play-goers, give our primitive emotions full run?

Those who see "The Green Goddess," we are convinced, would be quite displeased to see the Raja, utter villain that he was, put out of the way. He was such a complete and satisfactory devil that his death would have seemed like the destruction of a perfectly good work of art. He was such a good sport, in his way, and he smiled so ingratiatingly in the midst of his most consummate villainies!

As for Watkins, when he is dropped from a convenient window his loss is felt more because he has a humorous streak in his make-up than because he is a human being. His death is justified, dramatically, because he stands in the way of an end which the audience ardently desires.

As for the major, he drank. Despite the somewhat envious approval which the audience extended to his chief profession in life, the spectators recognized

GEORGE ARLISS IN "THE GREEN GODDESS"

that drinking had made his very pretty wife unhappy. Balancing its sympathy with its antagonism, its verdict was thumbs down. He passed from life in a gallant attempt to protect others, and therefore his life was redeemed by heroism. Nevertheless his death was welcome.

They say that Porter Browne, in writing his tremendous hit, "The Bad Man," had a difficult time of it in finding a satisfactory method of removing his villain so as to bring credit to his hero and at the same time permit his hero to fire the fatal shot. As those who have seen "The Bad Man" will remember, he satisfies dramatic morality by killing his villain twice; once to satisfy himself and once to satisfy his audience.

We sometimes think that our juries are ruled by emotion rather than reason. Perhaps we should merely be thankful that the psychology of the play-goer has not wholly invaded the precinct of our courts.

WHO IS MY NEIGHBOR?

THE article, on another page, "A Russian Jew and the Christian Churches," is worth careful reading by all who desire to know how our incoming immigrants are thinking; and that is something we must know if we are really to meet them. Mutual understanding is quite essential if we are to help, not hinder, in the solution of our immigrant problem. And that such mutual understanding is not easy is made clear by this interesting self-revelation of a Russian Jew.

If he correctly understood the sermon which he describes in the latter part of his article, he happened on a preacher who is not typical of American opinion That "each class of human society should be content with the kind of life it was destined to lead on earth, for in the kingdom of heaven all will be equal, all rewarded along democratic lines," was a popular message in England in the last century, where society traveled through life in first, second, and third class cars and contentment was enjoined on the third-class passengers as the greatest of virtues. But it has never been a popular message in America, where it has been our boast that there are no classes; where contentment has been decried and ambition has been extolled; where youths have been pointed by teachers and preachers to J. J. Hill as proof that a freight-handler may become a millionaire and to James A. Garfield as proof that a canal-boat driver may become President. We do not doubt that our contributor has correctly reported the impression which he carried away from the church service; but the impression which a speaker makes on a thoughtful hearer—and it is quite evident that Mr. Levine was such a hearer—is almost inevitably a mixture of the thoughts of the speaker and the hearer, the result being a product which neither would acknowledge as his own.

"Liberty, Equality, Fraternity," has been the French slogan. America took the first two; and by liberty the mass have understood the right of the individual to do what he pleases without restraint, and by equality an equal chance for all in the struggle of life to get on. There is no better concrete illustration of what this means than the struggle of the crowd to get first places

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in a city subway train during the rush hour.

But during the last decade we have made noteworthy progress in learning the meaning of fraternity. Democracy has done something to promote fraternity, for we have found that political co-operation is impossible without some endeavor both to understand each other's point of view and to promote each other's welfare. The public school has done something, for training in team-work has been one of its chief by-products. Labor unions have done something, for the workers in their struggle to better their condition have been compelled to make personal interests subordinate to the interests of the group. But the most important influence has been the better understanding by the Church of the meaning of Christianity, and its better practice in catholic sympathies and charitable endeavors.

One distinctive characteristic of the Bible is its teaching that the only way to serve the All-Father is by serving his children. A single quotation from the ancient prophets must here suffice to illustrate this teaching in the Old Testament. Isaiah answers the complaining question of the worshipers, "Why have we fasted and Thou seest not?"

> Is such the fast that I have chosen? the day for a man to afflict his soul? Is it to bow down his head as a rush, and to spread sackcloth and ashes under him? wilt thou call this a fast, and an acceptable day to Jehovah? Is not this the fast that I have chosen? to loose the bonds of wickedness, to undo the bands of the yoke, and to let the oppressed go free, and that ye break every yoke? Is it not to deal thy bread to the hungry, and that thou bring the poor that are cast out to thy house? when thou seest the naked, that thou cover him; and that thou hide not thyself from thine own flesh?

The New Testament repeats the same message, that the only way to serve God is to serve his children. We go to our various houses of worship not to serve God but to be served by Him. Only once does Jesus explicitly condemn a sinner to hell. This is in the parable of the rich man and Lazarus. What had the rich man done to deserve hell? He had done nothing. He is condemned for doing nothing, when, if he had possessed the spirit of humanity, he might have helped the beggar who lay at his door.

In the Bible man's inhumanity to man is the supreme offense against God; the supreme service of God is man's humanity to man. Obedience to God and humanity to man are not separate virtues artificially tied together. Humanity to man is obedience to God. That God is a righteous God and requires righteousness of his children and requires nothing else is the unique message of the prophets in the Old Testament and of Christ and his Apostles in the New. Paul expresses this truth in the saying, "The whole law is fulfilled in one word, even in this: Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself." John expressed it in the question, "He that loveth not his brother whom he hath seen, how can he love God whom he hath not seen?"

This truth has been recognized in the Christian Church from time to time in the past: in the teachings of Francis of Assisi, in the ministrations of the Sisters of Charity, in the preachings of the evangelistic friars of English history. But it was never so recognized as it is to-day by Christian ministers and Jewish rabbis in their teaching, nor so illustrated as it is to-day by self-denying service both within and without the churches; as by the Y. M. C. A., the Y. W. C. A., the various Hebrew Relief Associations, the Red Cross, and the American Relief Fund; by hospitals and asylums maintained for almost every form of suffering or disability; and by deeds of charity, individual and institutional, without number, that speak louder than words.

In America a heterogeneous population with no common traditions, creeds, or conventions to guide them and no recognized will but their own to rule them are taking their first practical lessons in human brotherhood. There is no more important service that the teachers of to-day—whether they teach through the press, from the platform, or in the pulpit—can render to us pupils in God's school than to inspire in us the divine spirit of humanity and help us to find the answer to the old, old question, "Who is my neighbor?"

LYMAN ABBOTT.

REPARATIONS AND INTERALLIED DEBTS

SPECIAL CORRESPONDENCE

UPON the question of how much Germany shall be made to pay in partial reparation of the frightful devastation caused by its armies in France and Belgium the United States has no official opinion. It took no part in the conferences, and has not been asked, nor has it offered, to express its views. Yet who can deny that the proper settlement of this question is of vital importance to the economic situation in the United States?

Upon the question of its loans to the Allied Governments the United States has a very positive opinion, official and unofficial, and has not hesitated to express it whenever the subject has been mooted. It insists that these debts shall be paid in full, with interest. Is this sound judgment, considered solely from the standpoint of the interests of the United States? It is the purpose of this article to discuss this question very briefly.

We loaned, in round figures, nine and a half billion dollars to the Allied Governments, at various rates of interest, but by agreement the rate since May 15, 1918, has been 5 per cent. The evidence of the indebtedness consists of demand notes, or I O U's, signed by duly authorized agents of the respective Governments, and now lodged in the vaults of the Treasury Department at Washington. Interest has been paid to the extent of $437,349,431, but practically no interest has been paid since May 15, 1919. There will therefore soon be due two years' interest, or ten per cent, making the total obligation on May 15, 1921, approximately ten and a half billion dollars. Of these loans, about four and a quarter billion went to Great Britain, three billion to France, more than one and a half billion to Italy, and the balance to eight other countries. Great Britain, in turn, loaned to France two and a half billion, to Italy two and a quarter billion, to Belgium half a billion, in addition to two and a half billion to Russia.

Practically all of the loans made by us took the form of credits on the Treasury at Washington, which were thence checked out and were spent in this country in the purchase of arms, munitions, and supplies; on which our contractors made from two hundred per cent to three hundred per cent profit. They produced in the United States an era of apparent prosperity exceeding anything previously known.

After we finally realized that the World War was *our* war, as well as that of the Allies, and we came into it, we played an honorable and highly important part in it; but we began serious fighting in July, 1918, and the armistice came less than four months later. The Allies had serious fighting for four months *plus four years*. Although the Allies were in almost daily combat for a period thirteen times as long as ourselves, the deaths in battle were for the French twenty-seven to our one, and for the British fifteen to our one.

Our indebtedness (excluding what is counterbalanced by their indebtedness to us) increased between 1914 and 1920 from $31 to $135 per capita; that of France, from $161 to $1,130 per capita;

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and of Great Britain, from $75 to $852 per capita.

Except for an unimportant submarine raid near our coast, the enemy was never within thirty-five hundred miles of our country. On the other hand, a section of France comparable to that from Boston to Philadelphia was laid waste; buildings of all kinds, coal mines, factories, and even fruit trees, being destroyed, not from military necessity but in pursuance of a deliberate plan to bring about the economic ruin of France.

There surely are some equities for us to consider in all this. But we are not now discussing equities, but only the strictly selfish business interests of the United States.

In addition to our loans to the Allied Governments the exporters of this country, with the aid of our banks, have sold abroad since the armistice (in excess of the value of goods imported) goods estimated at a value of four to five billion dollars, which have not been paid for. They are represented by book accounts, acceptances, and bills of exchange, which have been renewed as fast as they fell due. This makes a total of about fifteen billion dollars owing to us from Europe.

How is this almost inconceivable sum to be repaid? Mr. George E. Roberts and other recognized authorities on economics have been repeating month by month for fully two years the incontestable fact that it can only be repaid in goods. But the average man of business in this country, trained in the thought that everything in America is done differently (and, in his opinion, better) than in Europe, shies off at "economic theories" and has a vague notion in the back of his head that we will find some way to collect our debt without the importation of goods. The laws of economics, however, are as inflexible as the law of gravitation, and the man who disregards them will meet the same fate, in a business way, as the man who jumps off the top of the Woolworth Building believing that he has discovered a new (American) method of counteracting the effects of his fall.

Laying aside all questions of sentiment and admiration for heroic France, which has borne the brunt of the struggle for the preservation of our present civilization, and forgetting for the moment all matters of equity and international comity, is it to the interest of the business of the United States that the nine and a half billion dollars owing to us by the Allied Governments shall be paid, in whole or in part, by their sending us goods of that value, most of them at prices with which we cannot compete?

As to the very positive opinion now held that these debts must be paid in full with interest, it is well to remember that international thinking is an entirely new method of ratiocination for the American mind. It is less than seven years old, and during that comparatively brief period it has shifted to every point of the compass. First, neutrality and an almost universal belief that the war was not our affair. Next, a wild scramble to get war contracts, at fabulous prices. Then, a wave of indignation at the sinking of the Lusitania coming on top of the outrages of the German army in Belgium, and the first glimmer of general recognition of the German character and German intentions if successful in the war. But this was soon followed by a wave of timidity and hesitation—"keep us out of the war"—sufficiently widespread to win a Presidential election. The election over, we began inquiring what the war was about and why it was not stopped. A few months later we solemnly declared by resolution of Congress that a state of war existed between the Imperial German Government and the Government of the United States, with a mental reservation that we had no hard feelings against the German people, but only against "the Kaiser and his gang." Once in the war, there was nothing we would not do to help the Allied Governments, of whom we were the "Associates." With the conclusion of the armistice and later the signing of the Treaty of Peace at Versailles we were convinced that the German people, high and low, were contemptible in character and that their word was not to be relied upon. Our admiration for the Allies continued unabated for a time, and then there seems slowly to have grown up an impression, which now prevails, unexpressed and undefined, that we cannot carry Europe on our back forever; and that it would be well to put our money into our own railways and industries, build them up and increase our economic strength; and then we will consider what we can do for the people abroad.

In view of this weather-vane series of opinions during the last few years, it may be that the very positive opinion in regard to the payment of the debts owing to us by European Governments may at no distant date undergo a radical change, and that serious thinking on the subject may lead to grave doubts as to the effect on our business of importing an *extra* nine or ten billion dollars' worth of goods. Our domestic trade before the war was estimated at forty billion dollars, with excess of exports over imports of six hundred and fifty million, or one and a half per cent. The domestic trade now, valued in depreciated dollars, is much larger; but our agricultural and manufacturing capacity is far in excess of our domestic requirements. We are now very keen for export business, especially since we have had a taste of it by excess of exports over imports during the last five years of sixteen billion dollars; and still running strong at the rate of more than five billion a year, according to the January report of the Federal Reserve Bank in this district. This excess, occurring in the ordinary course of business, must certainly be settled in goods, except in so far as we may offset a portion of it by investing some of our surplus income in the purchase of foreign securities, in spending money in European travel, or by money due for freight to the owners of European ships. But what will be the effect of adding nine or ten billion dollars of imports to it for the purpose of getting back the money we loaned to help save civilization? It would be a rash man who would claim that it would be beneficial to our industries or general business. Our total debt is now twenty-four billion dollars, of which nine and a half billion dollars was issued against the demand notes of the Allied Governments. If refunded at even as high a rate as 4½ per cent for forty years and 1 per cent sinking fund, the debt will be extinguished at the end of that period. In the meantime, if the debt is twenty-four billion dollars, it will cost us one and a third billion dollars annually, whereas if it is fourteen and a half billion dollars it will cost us about eight hundred million dollars a year. The difference is five hundred million dollars a year, and that is what it would cost us to cancel all the debts and largely set France, Italy, and Belgium on their feet; for Great Britain has offered, if we cancel her debt to us, to cancel an equal amount of the indebtedness due to her from her allies.

Our expenditures for the current fiscal year are estimated by the Secretary of the Treasury in his last annual report at nearly six and a half billion dollars, or sixty-five dollars per capita; and he states that the taxes for the fiscal year ending June 30, 1922, cannot be kept below four billion dollars, or forty dollars per capita. The cost of canceling the debts is five dollars per capita, or one-eighth of the taxation for the ensuing year. Or, to put it another way, if we insist on having these debts paid in full we shall receive half a billion dollars a year towards the carrying charges of our own debt; equal to a receipt of five dollars per capita on our present continental population, and constantly decreasing as our population increases; and also equal to one eighth of the Federal taxes for 1922 and a probably smaller proportion of the Federal taxation in subsequent years.

Do the farmers, manufacturers, and transportation interests think that the importation of an additional nine or ten billion dollars' worth of goods will not interfere with our business to the extent of more than one-eighth part of their Federal taxes?

It is apparently time to "stop, look, and listen," or at least think, and think very seriously, about the idea of insisting upon the payment, principal and interest, of the debts owing to us from the European Governments. It may easily be possible that the collection of these debts will cost us far more than they are worth.

FRANCIS VINTON GREENE,
Major-General, U. S. V.
New York City.

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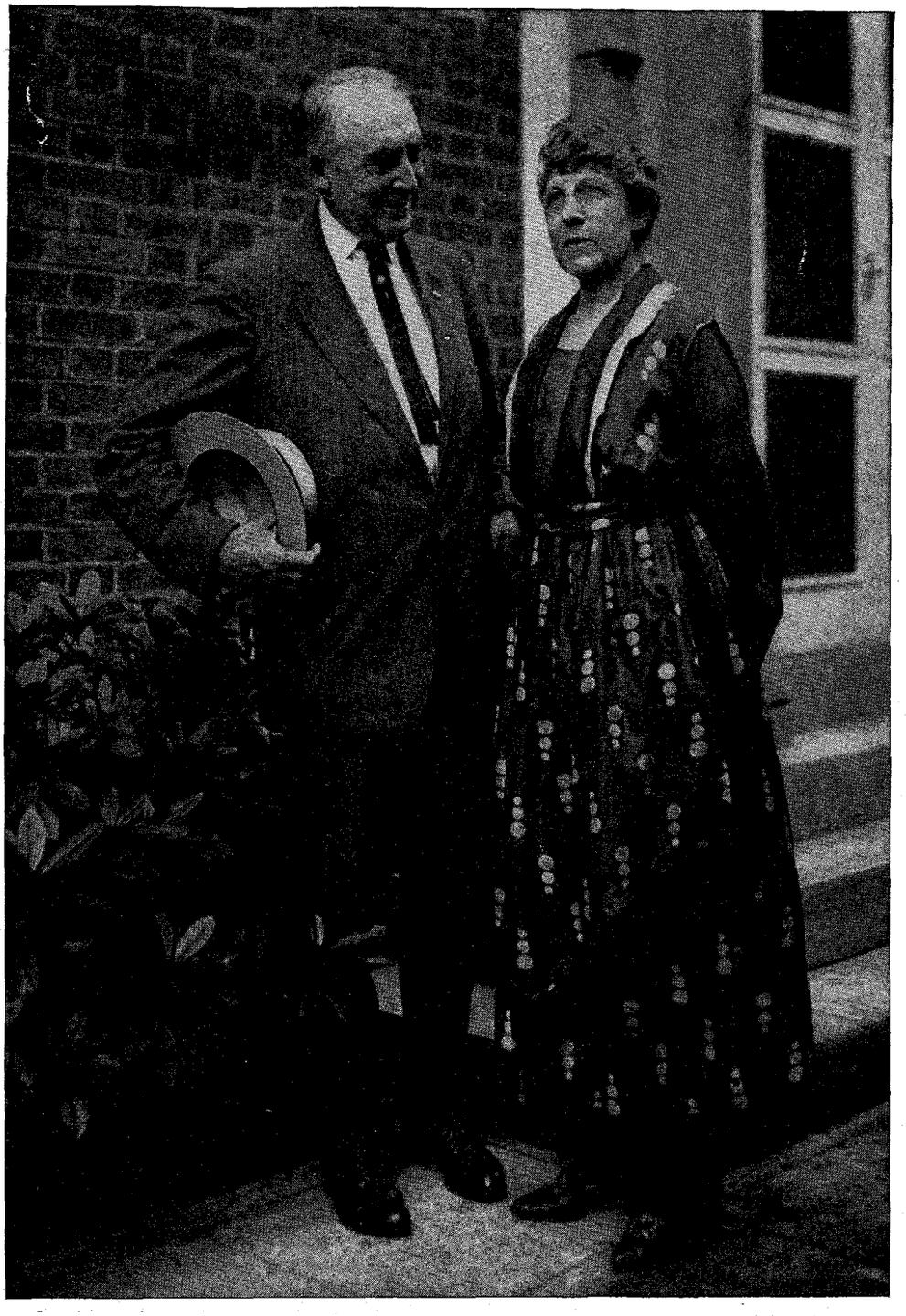

(C) Harris & Ewing

PRESIDENT HARDING
AND MRS. HARDING

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(C) Kadel & Herbert

VICE-PRESIDENT COOLIDGE
AND MRS. COOLIDGE

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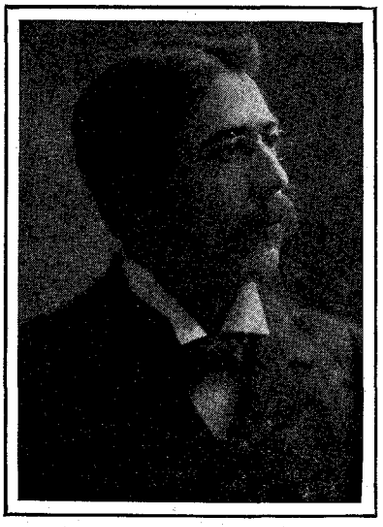
THE CONTEST



HOWARD MURRAY JONES
Winner of First Prize

AMATEUR'S Night in vaudeville is nothing new; but amateur's night in editorial circles is. The Outlook recently held one. Exactly four hundred and one of our friends gathered around the editorial council table and said their say. They came from forty-two States of the Union and from Canada and Mexico—in the form of letters in our Prize Contest for the best criticisms of The Outlook.

It was a remarkable gathering. It included the chancellor of a university, college presidents, deans, professors, instructors, and students. One contestant was an eminent landscape painter. Another was an officer in the United States Navy, his contest letter written at sea. There were clergymen, lawyers, physicians, and engineers. There were legislators, newspaper men, and authors. There were farmers, homesteaders, manufacturers, merchants, salesmen, clerks, stenographers, housewives, and schoolboys and schoolgirls. The oldest competitor was well in his eighties. The youngest was low in his teens.

BAITED AND CHASTENED

We were told in plain language what is thought of The Outlook. Language varied with opinions. We were baited for prizes with honeyed words, and were smitten soundly with the chastening rod. "Ostensibly I am after a prize; actually I am after a scalp," is the way one con-

AWARDED FIRST PRIZE

THE OUTLOOK'S NEXT JOB

BY HOWARD MURRAY JONES

I AM no "highbrow," but I read The Outlook. Year after year I have kept on taking it, though for less than half the price I could get more than double the paper, with an avalanche of illustrations, in a periodical boasting two million circulation. By the pound The Outlook is the most costly periodical I read.

Were I selling soap, let us say, I would keep my eye on circulation, but I am not selling soap. I am a farmer. Deducting the Outlooks mailed abroad, there is about one copy for each thousand people in the United States. Among "open-country" farmers I do not suppose there is one regular Outlook reader in fifty thousand. Surely I am a rare bird —"queer," my farmer neighbors think me, for reading The Outlook at $5 a year, but "there's a reason." The Outlook is different. It would be silly to attempt to define a flavor or taste, but I affirm I do like the taste of The Outlook. I am an addict. There is no cure. I cannot define the quality that is all its own, so let me illustrate it: Twenty-two football players are at it cheek by jowl, they go to it hip and thigh, and the twenty-third man, cool-headed, maybe a little fellow, does the refereeing. The Outlook has done the most of my refereeing for the last thirty years.

Sometimes I "get hot" at its decisions (there is a "rank" one now and then), but when I cool off I have to admit to myself I know no other periodical that tries so hard to be fair and that does score right, in my judgment, so often. This passion to play fair is, fortunately, accompanied by a rare gift of seeing it through the other fellow's eyes. Thus The Outlook is not an advocate, but a mediator, interpreting Jew to Gentile, Catholic to Protestant, capital to labor, and so on. But The Outlook, like the vast majority of papers, has failed to interpret the thirty-five million farm dwellers to the seventy million town and city dwellers. This is natural, the editor being a city man; natural, but tragic nevertheless.

To-day there is a growing bitterness between the country and the city. For years The Outlook has been trying through interpretation of view-points to mediate between capital and labor, but both are city classes. Two million trade-unionists have made more uproar than forty million farmers. But now a fourth estate, a rural estate, is rising into organized and embittered self-consciousness. Right here lies The Outlook's next job: Make the seventy million urbanites know, and therefore appreciate, the thirty-five million farmers who, often amid physical discomforts and social deprivations, toil early and late to feed the multitudes enjoying the opulence and splendor of our American cities.

Enter the Agriculturalist! Exit for a season the Archæologist, the Æsthete, the Agitator, and sundry other shop-worn worthies!

Here's to The Outlook, ordained Interpreter—Mediator!

Madison, Wisconsin.

AWARDED SECOND PRIZE

ONE YEAR WITH A COLLEGE PRESIDENT

AN AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF FIFTY-TWO NUMBERS OF THE OUTLOOK

BY WILLIAM HARRIS GUYER

"MY first coming into this home was in company with the usual mail, consisting of letters, circulars, papers, magazines, etc. I found myself in a jungle of literary productions. Circulars and booklets on 'How to Make Fat Men Lean' and 'A Trip to Devastated Europe' were in company with the 'National Republican,' the 'Ladies' Home Journal,' and the urbane 'Atlantic Monthly.'

"It was a typical American home, consisting of the father and mother and six children ranging in ages from nine to twenty-two years. When James, who is the second son, was told that The Outlook was to be a regular visitor in the home, he cracked his heels together and jubilantly shouted, 'Bully! now I'll know where to get the "goods" for our college debates.'

"I soon won my way into the hearts of each member of the home. Tennyson, the youngest son, would throw himself on the floor before the grate fire and pass happy moments with the illustrations. The whole family participated in the discussion over the new disease known as 'Spenditis.' James introduced 'Hello, Central,' 'Uplifting the Clown,' and 'Honest Baseball' to the college boys, who were delighted with them.

"Without any premeditation, the family conceived the idea of making a file index of the contents of The Outlook. An inexpensive filing case and several hundred cards were bought, and James was given charge of the work. The young conservator of knowledge was often puzzled to know under what head to classify 'Allied Fiddlesticks' and 'The Folly of the Ouija Board.'

"At the end of the year the family was brought together to hear the result of the 'Great Experiment.' It was found that through the medium of The

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LETTERS

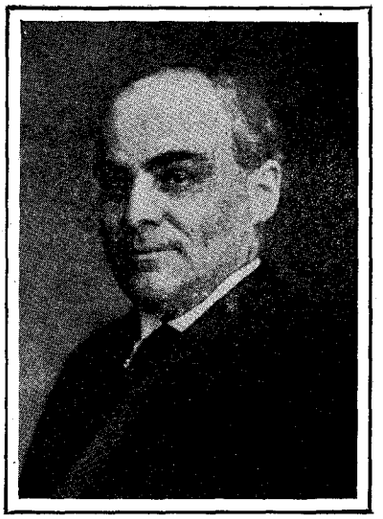
testant put it. Some used the contest to pay off old scores. Some seized the opportunity to order their names taken off the subscription list at once. Many more brought charming compliments. "We sort of feel it's our magazine, not yours," wrote one. "We're just writin' home. I own up to being short of the critic's cool detachment. My penholder isn't an icicle. This is California, anyhow."

THE WINNERS

It wasn't easy to pick the winners. It was something like observing four hundred people running a 100-yard dash, some almost neck-and-neck. As to third place, it was finally agreed to declare it a tie and to award two third prizes, one to Mrs. Cate, of Massachusetts, and one to Mrs. Draper, of Kansas.

The first prize thus goes to a Wisconsin farmer; the second prize, to a college president in Ohio; and two third prizes, to housewives in Massachusetts and Kansas.

The first prize letter, by Howard Murray Jones, of Madison, Wisconsin, is an appreciative, but frank, criticism. The second prize letter, by Dr. William Harris Guyer, President of Findlay College, Findlay, Ohio, is an understanding summary and analysis—with the evidence catalogued—of what The Outlook accomplishes; while both of the third prize letters may be classed as affectionate personal tributes.



WILLIAM HARRIS GUYER
Winner of Second Prize

Outlook there had come into the home fourteen hundred and twenty-five different subjects; the titles and notices of more than fourteen hundred and seventy-six different books; forty-eight poems, consisting of twelve hundred and seventy-four lines; forty-one full-page illustrations, among them those of Lyman Abbott, John Burroughs, Lincoln, Lafayette, Harding, and Coolidge. It was also found that of the more than sixty clubs of the city most of them had used articles and other material catalogued in the filing case. All were highly pleased, not only because the material was so conveniently accessible, but because it was reliable and covered such a variety of subjects.

"The lovers of poetry were delighted with 'Kentucky Mountain Rhymes' and 'How Long, Massa Jesus, How Long?' and others which were read before literary societies.

"The father reported that ministers of the city found helpful articles pertaining to their work and private study. 'The Misunderstood Christ' and 'The Two Worlds' received much attention. High school children referred to The Outlook in preparing papers on English, history, and politics. One of the professors bore testimony to the fact that no other publication gave him such an intelligent understanding of European affairs. Everywhere in his travels did the college president find Christian laymen familiar with Dr. Lyman Abbott's 'Knoll Papers.'

"The whole family agreed that the bound volumes of The Outlook furnished a thesaurus of information convenient and reliable which is indispensable to every modern home."

Findlay College, Findlay, Ohio.

MRS. EDYTHE I. DRAPER
Tied for Third Prize

TIED FOR THIRD PRIZE

THE COURIER

BY EDYTHE I. DRAPER

My mind to me a kingdom is, but I must have a courier who will bring to me reports of the doings and thinkings in the great empire of the world. The Outlook is my courier, wise, yet guileless, smiling often, presenting the two sides or more that most things have to them, but not leaving me in doubt as to which side is fairly to be judged the right side; stern rarely, but always when truth is subtly and dangerously assailed.

I suppose I smile always when I see The Outlook among the papers and letters one day in each week. I remember that I did to-day. For what could I be thinking about as I darn Sonny's knees or pick up all the things three children and one man can bestrew a house withal each hurrying morning if I could not have a minute or two at breakfast time to read just a little of The Outlook? The waffles are crisp and hot. I feel the ever-new excitement of sensing the dawn coming up out of the woods beyond the pasture. I prop The Outlook against the water-pitcher and read bits to Jim and we talk just a little—and my day has begun. I read the paragraphs about politics, see a few fat faces of Representatives, etc., then the Angels' Advocate wants me to smile at him, and I do. Mary Garden next! I saw her once in a movie of "Thaïs," and I am a better woman since. (What will Mr. Pulsifer say?) Then I look almost tearfully at Joyce Kilmer's little tree poem, one of my nicest friends among poems, and I am ready to put off my courier until the babies are in bed and my wood fire is ready to comfort my toes and inspire my fancy. And don't I adore the play reviews then! I can enjoy my black sea of an onion patch and still hie me "to the well-trod stage anon" and catch a little of what a modern Jonson is doing in his learned sock. I hope Mr. Walter Damrosch will never see this, but I did adore him so when I was eighteen and stayed on one hard bench hour after hour, day after day, at Willow Grove in Philadelphia, one summer to hear every note of his music. The Outlook is good to let me have news of him occasionally. I have read Mr. Fuessle ever since the first time when I just happened to read him one day. He quarrels so deliciously.

Here in Kansas men and women of the Old World are rare. The Outlook is doing something which a compulsory plan for peace can perhaps fail to accomplish in making us all in the New World more understandingly kind towards our tired but spirited friends of the old countries.

I do not read much about sports, nor, I am ashamed to say, do I always pursue the economists and the business writers to the bitter ends of their articles. (I mean to, though, when the babies are grown up.)

My mother, away across the miles to the East, reads The Outlook. Her guide

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MRS. ALICE E. CATE
Tied for Third Prize

and friend for many rich years has been Lyman Abbott, and as I go on facing life's responsibilities and trying to answer its questions I find he is more and more mine. I climbed the arid way from Calvinism to Unitarianism a good many years ago, when I was very young and very ardent, and I think Lyman Abbott's wise hand often helped me over bitterly rough places to the wider, happier plain where reason and faith shine together. The Outlook has meant sanity, you see, to an extremist, a pendulum-swinger.

Oswego, Kansas.

TIED FOR THIRD PRIZE

HOW I FEEL ABOUT THE OUTLOOK

BY ALICE E. CATE

I HAVE in my mind a vivid picture of my father about to take the first sip of his breakfast coffee. It was a ceremonial. He would put in the sugar, stir cautiously, as if fearing that its aroma might escape. Then, with his head on one side, would seem to listen, as if hearing could help his attuned sense of taste to enjoy to the utmost that first sip of the delectable.

Some such emotion possesses me when, expectant, I slip the wrapper from the current number of The Outlook. I stop, look, and listen in that first sublimated enjoyment, scanning headlines, peeping at pictures, reading a paragraph here, an editorial there, an advertisement, a joke, knowing that later I can settle down to a full and satisfying meal. Just now I am exultant over its 8 by 11 size.

As to subject-matter, I do not enjoy everything, for I am not interested in everything within the compass of any magazine, but there is such a wealth of subjects that I always find more articles that are appealing than I can possibly find time to read. I especially enjoy The Outlook's book reviews, for they are honest and not nauseatingly flattering. I like its vitality, which makes me feel as if the writers were all on tiptoe in their eagerness for life—more life and fuller. I am amazed each week at the scope of the articles, and feel as if the correspondents sailed about on a magic carpet to view this old world at every fantastic angle. They seem eager to touch life and make it flame, to arouse sympathy with the unfortunate and make people act, yet they are never hectic nor sensational. For those who need to be soothed and calmed there is always the poet's magic touch and Lyman Abbott's crystal thinking and gentle philosophy.

As to its editorials, no matter what the topics, I know they will be treated fairly and sanely. I like their snap, their clear-cut English, and good literary form. I like the way they come to a point, then stop. I like their analysis of character and events. I like their way of illuminating big issues, and, most of all, I trust The Outlook's editorial judgments, knowing that moral issues will never be confused. Now I will confess to its greatest service to me personally. Being somewhat wobbly-minded, I depend on The Outlook to stabilize me, to set me right morally, politically, ethically, socially, spiritually. And it does. What more could any magazine do?

Belmont, Massachusetts.

OUTLOOK READERS IN CONSULTATION

WHAT THE OUTLOOK MEANS TO THEM

THE character of The Outlook is described by contestants with almost endless variety. It has "the attributes of a perfect gentleman;" it is "an arsenal whence the thoughtful may draw their weapons;" it is "a welcome ambassador from everywhere."

One refers to the "dulcet editorial notes of the ecclesiastical canary and to the intriguing feline purr of alluring advertisements."

"Why not arrange to have The Outlook made a final arbiter of all decisions and the world will move smoothly," is an ironic inquiry from Ohio. "I could wish that you were not quite so uniformly and impregnably fortified in your self-confidence, or a shade less clever in retreating from a position which has proved not quite tenable," says a vigorous contestant.

A man in Indianapolis finds us careful, well edited, and sane, but declares frankly: "That is just the trouble—you are too darn careful, too well edited, and too sane."

We find, too, that we are a manual of conversation. Thus, from Tacoma, Washington: "When I was a college student, I was criticised for not joining in the general conversation in my home. A little introspection convinced me that I must take time from my college work to read more broadly and have something to talk about. I subscribed for The Outlook as a means to that end. Thus I found a friend that has been my constant companion for twenty-eight years."

A lady in Columbus, Ohio, confesses that if she were asked what had exerted the greatest influence in her life she would answer, without hesitation, "The Outlook and the life and ministry of Dr. Washington Gladden." She once asked Dr. Gladden his opinion on a certain subject, to which he laughingly replied, "I haven't read The Outlook yet."

Some one refers to our "boyish enthusiasm." "It can feel things because it has the sensitiveness of youth," he adds. "When I disagree with The Outlook, it is a clean disagreement which leaves my mouth unfevered," is another's tribute. "The Outlook is a good comrade. It is old in experience, young in heart, optimistic in spirit, and it doesn't talk too much," we learn from another. A Cincinnati physician seems also to perceive elements of the fountain of youth in The Outlook. "With pleasure I advise my convalescent patients to read it," he says.

We are twitted by one because we print "little to rouse the sleeping dogs of combat," and are complimented by another because "you bring to my house by the side of the road the news of the world. Someway or other, you are the peep-hole through which I see the world."

Our contestants are split into rival camps as to the typographical appearance and size of The Outlook. A Mexican ingenuously assures us that the reduced size makes The Outlook "commodious for handling in the daily siesta." While some sigh for larger print, others like the type, finding it, to use the words of one contestant, "so clear that aging people beam when they open it." And here is commendation of a distinguishing typographical feature: "Cursed be the day when Edward Bok first ranged all his big game with heads and foreparts grandly showing and then buried their tails in the sloughs of precious business. The Outlook has not succumbed to this practice."

ITS "VETERAN EDITOR"

One compares The Outlook to "a delightful meal, with the editorials as the soup course, sharpening the appetite, the 'Knoll Papers' the staff of life, a poem for a relish, illustrations for salad, a story for dessert, 'By the Way' the after-dinner speeches, the book table furnishing nuts to nibble with the after-dinner coffee. Alas, though, that the aroma of a cigar should follow this almost perfect meal!"

"What," demands one, "has a high-toned publication like The Outlook to do with the noxious weeds of tobacco?" A kindlier critic writes: "I am not one of those who hold that The Outlook has lost its religion. It has merely lost its head."

"Lyman Abbott's writings are my church," writes one contestant. "Con-

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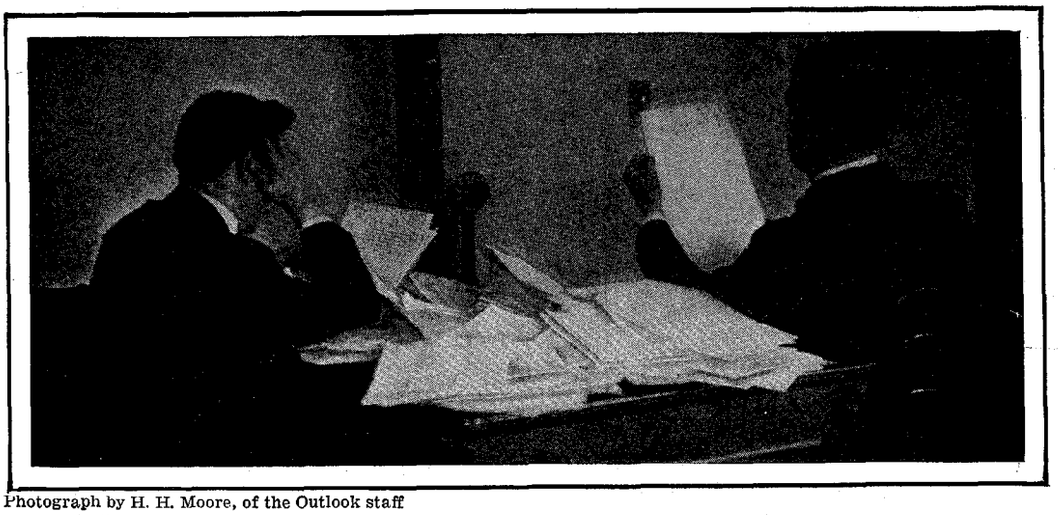

Photograph by H. H. Moore, of the Outlook staff

"EXACTLY FOUR HUNDRED AND ONE OF OUR FRIENDS GATHERED AROUND THE EDITORIAL COUNCIL TABLE. . . . IT WASN'T EASY TO PICK THE WINNERS"

tinue the 'Knoll Papers,' with Rabbi Wise assisting," urges another. The next critic "can't understand why Lyman Abbott, a modern prophet, can print a description of a prize-fight." A man in Newton, Iowa, complains that Dr. Lyman Abbott "regrets that he didn't learn to dance when young." A Kansan who heard Lincoln debate with Douglas hopes "there is some Elisha in training in The Outlook family upon whom the mantle of its veteran editor may fall."

TOO PROVINCIAL?

Is The Outlook too provincial? This question agitates a considerable number. "Your editors sit in New York in their clubs and easy chairs," charges one; but takes the sting out of the remark by graciously adding, "To me it is a cool breeze that purges the mind each week." A man in Coon Rapids, Iowa, commands us to decentralize. "Keep a member of your staff at large all the time," he urges. "Let the golden glow of the western sun drive the city fog and provincialism from your pages," pleads another.

Numerous criticisms arrived clothed in apologies. One critic confesses that he feels as if he "had spoken sharply to a loved companion." Some discern a sign of weakness in our announcement of this contest. One asks: "Are you not weakening that faith which your constituency has at all times possessed in your absolute efficiency and your ability to paddle your own canoe?" A man in Brooklyn "would treat our weaknesses with a touch of velvet like the Angora cat which sometimes awakens me in the morning by cuffing my cheek." A Philadephian trusts that the contest "will not induce you to spoil your journal by adopting suggestions where they are not needed."

Opinions as to our politics bristle from many of the letters. One writer feels "fed up with politics" when reading The Outlook. "Sometimes it squints its blind eye toward partisan projects; yet who is not partisan sometimes?" asks another. "The Outlook is my political boss. It does not mince or mulch. It strikes with a sharp ax and digs with a pointed spade," we learn from another. One says we "made a twelve strike when we secured Theodore Roosevelt as contributing editor;" but adds that if we will now secure President Wilson for a similar service we will have "rung all the bells at once." But apparently The Outlook's partisanship is of a peculiarly non-partisan variety, for we are told on the one side that we made "a grave mistake in supporting President Wilson in his personal efforts to establish world peace. . . . The Outlook deserves in a degree the rebuff given to Mr. Wilson at the last Presidential election;" while on the other side we are charged with personal malice toward President Wilson and are told that "in order to show the absolute disregard of truth on the part of The Outlook, the contest editor will probably pigeonhole this criticism and award the first prize to the person who falsely states that The Outlook never made a mistake and is not subject to improvement."

A critic in Alton, Illinois, asks: "Why should I palpitate at the news that college presidents will unanimously 'flop' next election? They can't be served in crisp slices with waffles, more's the pity." One thinks it was "a stroke of genius" to get popular novelists to talk politics in our pages. One discovers that there is on the staff "a delightfully musical member."

Numerous contestants take a timely hand in our motion-picture controversy. One "rejoices in Mr. Pulsifer's castigation of the movies." Another says that he "wears a complacency which is irritating and not always justified by his knowledge and his wisdom." A discerning graduate of Vassar College observes concerning Mr. Pulsifer that "he seems to have stepped from his editorial slippers into dancing pumps."

The "Contributors' Gallery" evokes considerable comment. For instance: "After reading a sketch of the author's life, the article is made many times more interesting than if the reader did not know whether the author were a Congressman or an ex-convict."

There are numerous laments at the disappearance of the Spectator. "Was he too good to last?" asks one. "An irretrievable loss," grieves another.

"By the Way" comes in for much praise. One critic, however, considers it "a little too verbose." A San Francisco colonel compares "By the Way" with "a fragrant cigar after the evening meal."

"Articles in lighter vein and stories do not add to the value of The Outlook," writes a school superintendent in Easthampton, Massachusetts. "We do not like your stories. But, since you print so few, we will forgive you. Possibly you do not like them yourselves," is another view. "Give us one of your incomparable short stories every week. You are publishing the best short stories in America," one makes no bones about saying. Another finds that they "lack virility" and thinks they are "too dreamy and reminiscent." One exponent of rougher stuff holds the opinion that our stories "melt too much into your background of culture and refinement."

A subscriber in Sodus, New York, says: "I buy almost every book of which you give an extended notice, and rarely regret the purchase."

DELIGHTED WITH DRAMATIC REVIEWS

A reader in Kew Gardens, Long Island, says he consults our play reviews regularly before buying theater tickets. An M. E. preacher in Iowa naïvely states: "I wonder if we ministers have made a mistake. We have looked upon actors, theaters, and the whole stage paraphernalia as in apposition and, I fear, opposition to the Church. . . . Even the minister reads of the drama as described in The Outlook and wishes he were there to enjoy it, and feels his inward man would receive no hurt, but very likely a helpful impulse on the way."

The covers and illustrations draw various kinds of fire. A woman in Montana wants more of Henry Hoyt Moore's photographs on the cover; she cuts them out and frames them. But an Iowa critic objects decidedly to "the out of focus pictures of your staff photographer." "Your illustrations are good, but don't overdo them," a critic from Yakima, Washington, entreats us; "your clientele is sufficiently educated to appreciate a good short story more than

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pages of half-tones." One highly approves of Outlook covers as compared with "half-dressed, red-lipped girls on other periodicals," while a man in Texas finds our covers "weak, lacking the forcefulness of the editorial pages."

WHAT THEY WANT

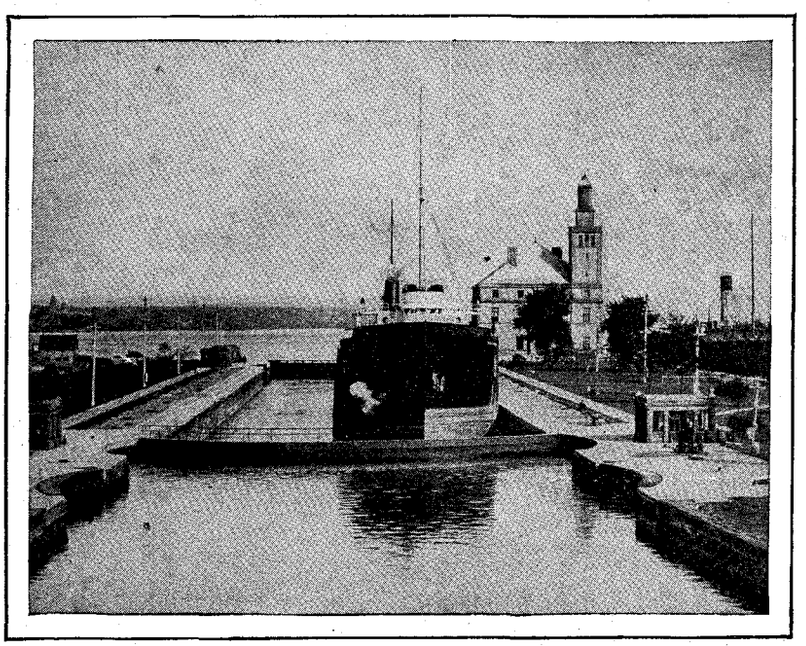
Recommendations for the improvement of The Outlook are legion. A gentleman in Abilene, Texas, offers "to criticise each week the miserable and inefficient city government of New York." Some one else wants to know "what the psychoanalyst has accomplished in municipal clinics and how psychology is being applied in the care of epileptics at the Craig Colony, New York." A Pittsburgher wants "a contest of ideas as to how to preserve the peace of the world, with a prize of $50,000 to attract the big men of the world." Still another wants "a department of physical culture and hygiene for the middle-aged." There are repeated demands for pronouncing glossaries of difficult names that appear in The Outlook. A reader in Enosburg Falls, Vermont, puzzles over the pronunciation of Fuessle, Brandeis, Deschanel, and Bourgeois. A Pennsylvania teacher of history "abominates and deplores Herr Gathany's waste of space each week;" he prefers articles by Bruce Barton and Frank Crane. Another wants Bergson. Some request a department devoted to babies and children. One suggests that we start a loan fund to provide scholarships for college students.

One comments on our "evident cult for conceited foreigners" and would have Americans write their impressions of America. One critic cries: "Adjust your specs; focus on both men and women," and requests something from the pen of Margaret Sanger. A woman in Indiana wants some articles "on the bacteriology of dish-washing."

THE ST. LAWRENCE OUTLET TO THE SEA

A GREAT PROJECT OF INTERIOR DEVELOPMENT

BY KATHERINE LOUISE SMITH



LOCKS AT THE "SOO"

THE West needs a new outlet to the sea. This was the reason why West and East—farmers, manufacturers, bankers, shippers, and railway executives—met in Detroit, Michigan, to discuss the remedy for the continued emergency of transportation shortage. At this time the Great Lakes-St. Lawrence movement became a national undertaking.

Every year we hear that car shortage is great. Every year there is a possibility that enough coal cannot be carried from the mines to avert coal famine. Production is hampered by failure of transportation facilities, industries are disturbed by inability to produce raw material, the crop movement is retarded so that seed, machinery, and labor are curtailed and prices are influenced by the shortage of stocks at some points and accumulation at others.

This is no new story and the States that are making tremendous contributions of food supply to other sections are the Western and Northwestern States, where is the surplus food-producing area of the United States. These districts are capable of yielding many times what they do now, but they are hampered in development by remoteness from market and transportation facilities. It is for these and other cogent reasons that the Great Lakes-St. Lawrence Tidewater Association, in behalf of the States of Illinois, Ohio, Indiana, Michigan, Wisconsin, Minnesota, North Dakota, Iowa, Montana, Idaho, Colorado, Wyoming, and Nebraska, and the Canadian Deep Waterways and Powers Association, in behalf of numerous municipal and civic bodies of Canada, are advocating connecting the Great Lakes with the ocean by way of the St. Lawrence. In the Rivers and Harbors Act of 1919 Congress requested that the International Joint Commission created in 1909 investigate what further improvements were necessary to make the St. Lawrence available through its entire course for ocean-going vessels, and what economic results could be predicated on such an improvement.

Look at the map of the United States and Canada, and you will see that from Duluth and Superior, Port Arthur and Fort William, at the head of the Great Lakes to Montreal and Quebec and the sea there is a series of water routes from the heart of the continent to the ocean. It is a stretch of water which is now recognized as a National and international necessity to benefit thirty million people of the United States alone. Already there is on the Great Lakes a commerce of millions of tons a year on a length of one thousand miles. What is needed is the continuation of this and the way made ready for boats to pass on the two hundred and fifty miles of Ontario and the upper St. Lawrence and on the lower St. Lawrence to the sea. Canada is building the new Welland Canal, which will remove one obstacle in this link. There will remain the obstructions of the St. Lawrence River to overcome, and this is now under investigation by the United States and Canada. Each country has appointed engineers to make surveys that the public may be fully informed when the result of the engineers' investigations is given.

It is not disputed that New York is not entirely in sympathy with this undertaking, for she feels that the Port of New York may suffer; but it must be remembered that the Great Lakes-to-ocean route would make seaports of Buffalo, Ogdensburg, and Rochester. Another benefit is that if the four million horse-power awaiting development in the St. Lawrence is utilized it would serve central New York to below Albany, and a possible radius would include New York and eastern Massachusetts. The West feels that the advantages to

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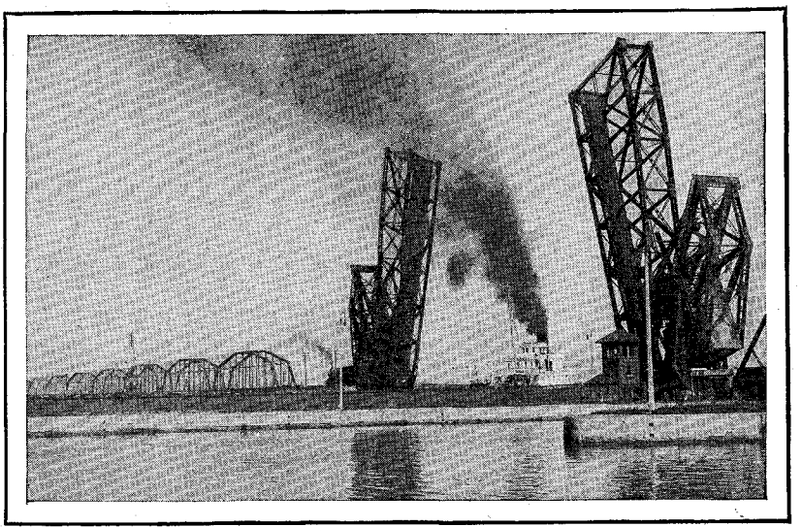
the whole country ought to be the paramount issue in this undertaking. There is no opposition from the Pacific States; and the Gulf States, at the hearing recently held in Detroit, were represented by Walter Parker, of the New Orleans Chamber of Commerce. Mr. Parker has given years to the subject of inland waterways, and, in his opinion, this is not a sectional matter. He says: "The northern tier of States in the Mississippi Valley desire an outlet via the St. Lawrence. If that project be proved to be feasible as an economic thing, we will help them to get it."

If you are cognizant of the story of our great inland seas, you know that years ago we began work on deepening channels and dredging rivers. We had a barrier between Lake Superior and Lake Huron, shoals between Lake Huron and Lake Erie, and another barrier between Lake Erie and Lake Ontario. This is a story of marvelous achievement in which the United States and Canada spent thirty-two million dollars in getting from Superior to Huron. By this Lake Superior became an integral part in the chain of lakes and the way was opened to ship hundreds of commodities that now pass through the "Soo." We overcame another barrier on the Great Lakes when we dredged the St. Clair flats and Detroit River. This cost sixteen million dollars, but this and the thirty-two million dollars that we spent for the "Soo" unlocked the Great Lakes and paid for the expenditure many times over.

The barrier at Niagara still remains to be properly overcome, and Canada is attending to this. That country is constructing a new Welland Canal at a cost of seventy-five million dollars. The old Welland Canal is inadequate, but the new Welland Canal, which is almost finished, will open the way to ship commodities to the sea. There only remain the international section of 113 miles along the boundary between the United States and Canada from Lake Ontario to St. Regis and the Canadian section of the St. Lawrence to be dealt with.



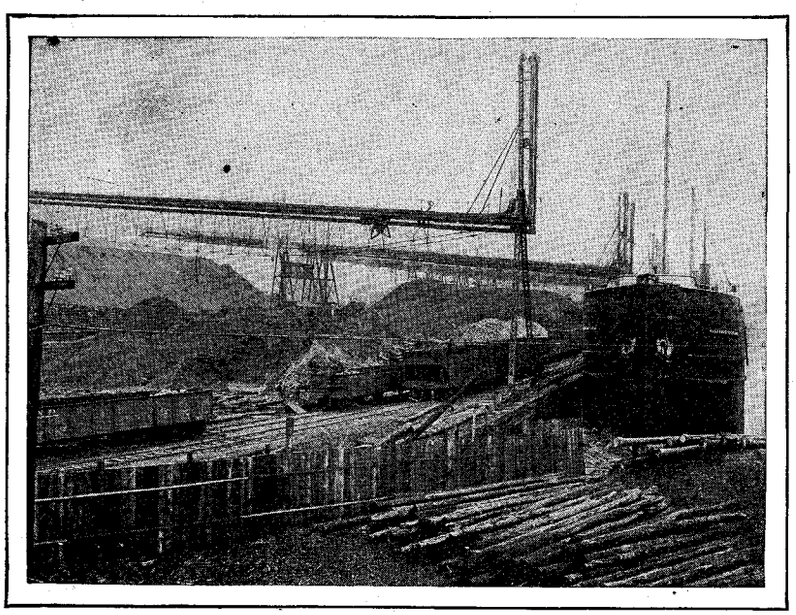
LAKE FREIGHTER PASSING UNDER BASCULE BRIDGE. THIS BRIDGE IS THE LARGEST OF ITS TYPE IN THE WORLD AND GIVES RAIL CONNECTION BETWEEN SAULT STE. MARIE, MICHIGAN, AND SAULT STE. MARIE, ONTARIO

The enterprising West was behind all of the changes in the Great Lakes. Now the West wants one more. It urges that the obstructions in the St. Lawrence be done away with, so that thousands of acres can yield their full production and Western products can easily reach the sea. The West gained by the doing away of barriers at the "Soo" and other places on the Great Lakes. Not the least of these was the opening of the mines in Michigan and Montana and the settling of the Red River Valley and Montana. Now the West sees greater possibilities. It is not content with present traffic and car congestion and shortage at loading and unloading ports, with inadequate terminal facilities and other factors that delay shipments to the sea. Heretofore only a partial solution of the transportation system has been offered. The Soo Canal opened the way for the productive areas of the West, but this is not enough. What is needed, say the farmers, manufacturers, and business men of fifteen States adjacent to the Great Lakes, is a direct outlet to the sea that will obviate loading and unloading and that will save time and money. They think they see this in the St. Lawrence route.

It is certain that already the Great Lakes way in freight saving pays for any improvements over and over every year. When our continent is unlocked by constructing canals around the rapids of the St. Lawrence and by opening a new Welland Canal, navigation, which is now clear for over ninety per cent of the way, will give our vast inland sections access to all American and European ports. The chain of lakes now extends one thousand miles. Ontario and the upper St. Lawrence add two hundred and fifty miles, and the lower St. Lawrence is ready. The main obstacle to the sea can be rectified by about forty-five miles of river channel. This, engineers say, can be done by a series of dams, by canals to side-pass the rapids, or a combination of both.

It is almost impossible to estimate what industries would be aided by this new route. Chicago with its harvest machinery, Detroit with its automobiles, Cleveland with its steel products, Minneapolis with its flour mills, Omaha with its packing industry, Montana with its smelters, Wyoming with its potato fields, Idaho and Washington with their fruit districts, sections too numerous to mention, will be helped by shortening the market to the sea. For many years the shipyards of the Great Lakes have turned out huge lake boats. During the war these yards ranked with the best and adjusted several boats to go to the sea as well as constructed new ones. If the St. Lawrence project is carried out, these lakes may become the center of the ship-building industry.

Senator Townsend has been called the father of the movement. He says: "Viewed from every angle of National welfare, this international project should



SCENE AT ONE OF THE LARGE RECEIVING AND SENDING PORTS ON THE GREAT LAKES. A LAKE FREIGHTER, WITH MACHINERY FOR LOADING AND UNLOADING

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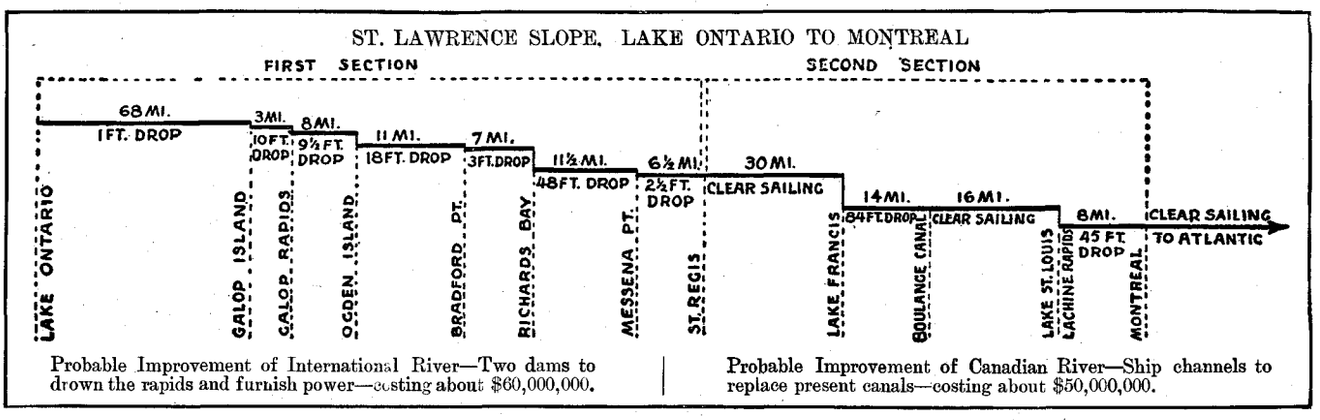

Probable Improvement of International River—Two dams to drown the rapids and furnish power—costing about $60,000,000.

Probable Improvement of Canadian River—Ship channels to replace present canals—costing about $50,000,000.

be carried to completion without undue delay." At this time, when there is such a demand for adequate transportation facilities, can Canada and the United States do better than to open the Great Lakes route to the sea? The West thinks not. The West calls for the commerce of the world to touch at her shores. The West claims that the benefits of the St. Lawrence-to-the-Sea route will be unlimited in importance, world-wide in scope, universal.

THE ANTEDILUVIANS

A STORY BY DYSART McMULLEN

"GOOD-MORNING, James."

Mr. Richard Bartholdi paused in his aimless wandering and stood blocking the graveled path. His fellow-antediluvian came to a corresponding halt.

"'Morning, Richard," Mr. James Cannon responded. "How is the rheumatism to-day?"

"So so," Mr. Bartholdi replied, ungraciously. "And you, James? You are looking a trifle yellow."

"It's this confounded weather—I'm as sound as a dollar," replied Mr. Cannon, with difficulty concealing his rage at this unnecessary and unjust aspersion upon his complexion.

"Poor Tom Wilkenson died yesterday," said Mr. Bartholdi, treating Mr. Cannon to a look of cheerful commiseration that brought an added flush to that gentleman's freshly shaved jowl.

"I read the papers," Mr. Cannon snorted rather than articulated.

"Thought maybe you hadn't seen it," Mr. Bartholdi apologized with a wintry smile. "You're older than I am, James, so of course you knew Tom Wilkenson better than I did. Let me see? Seventy-four? No—seventy-five? Yes, seventy-five; that is what the papers had, though I thought he was older—somewhat nearer your own age, James."

"He was seventy-four, not seventy-five," replied Mr. Cannon with unruffled urbanity; "and I was seventy-one my last birthday. I'm just eleven months older than you are, Richard; but then—I've—I've always taken care of myself—" He did not complete the sentence, but let his gaze wander over his crony's none too vigorous frame until that gentleman's freshly shaved cheeks began to assume a hue that more nearly approximated the apoplectic than the ruddy tinge of youth.

"I keep my health," Mr. Bartholdi cackled brokenly; for anger did not agree with him, as his doctor was fond of emphasizing. "My legs are not quoted at par, James, but my wits are still rugged, thank God!"

It was Mr. Cannon's turn to flush; within the month he had dropped a fair-sized sum in an unfortunte stock speculation, and the wound was still painful.

"Any one may lose money," he answered in a voice that shook in spite of him. "It was only five thousand, and I don't need help yet, Richard."

"I'm glad to hear it," his *vis-à-vis* responded, warmly. "But you are too old to speculate, James. You must remember that the world belongs to the young—and so does your five thousand now." And the speaker broke into a dry cackle of laughter at his own wit.

"Well—take care of yourself, Richard," Mr. Cannon retorted, not trusting himself to reply in kind.

"So so, James," Mr. Bartholdi responded, amicably.

"He's looking old—he's getting old! And so am I, God help me!" was the simultaneous reflection of two elderly gentlemen.

MR. BARTHOLDI hobbled to the end of the path, where a closed car was waiting. His rheumatic knees ached painfully as his chauffeur helped him into the car.

"Had a nice walk in the park, father?" his daughter asked when he reached home.

"So so," Mr. Bartholdi answered, gruffly. "Met that old fraud Cannon. His wits are growing senile."

His daughter smiled indulgently. "You are too hard on him, father. I saw him yesterday, and thought that he was looking pretty spry, considering."

"Considering? Considering what?" Mr. Bartholdi demanded sharply.

"Dear me!" exclaimed his daughter; "but you certainly are peppery, father. I did so hope that you would be in a good humor after your walk in the park."

"Peppery?" spluttered Mr. Bartholdi. "Spry? Peppery? And both terms indicating age! James Cannon may be spry—I'm not denying that he's more active than I am, thanks to this confounded rheumatism—but peppery? Good Lord!"

"There you go again, father, losing your temper over nothing. You know Dr. Willing said you must not excite yourself. And just now, when I want you to be in a good humor. It's too bad!"

Mr. Bartholdi checked the objurgation that trembled on the tip of his tongue. Over the rim of his glasses he gave his daughter a scrutinizing glance.

"Well?" The rising inflection caused his daughter to give a perceptible start.

"Well?" he repeated. "Out with it, Emma! What is it this time? You've said twice that you wanted me to be in a good humor. I'm always in a good humor. 'Never lose your temper'—that was Bob Randall's maxim. No, it wasn't Bob's, it was—by George! I'd forgotten—it was poor Tom Wilkenson's expression."

Mr. Bartholdi suddenly remembered the recent occasion for Mr. Wilkenson's appearance in the public press. Poor Tom Wilkenson! Only three years his senior! His daughter laid her hand on his shoulder with a slight pressure of understanding that the old gentleman found unexpectedly comforting.

"Never mind Tom Wilkenson, father, dear," she said. "It's not a funeral I want to talk about, but a wedding. Molly has gone and become engaged."

"Molly?"

"Yes, Molly. I feel like an old

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woman. My youngest child married? I can't take it in."

"Who is the man—or boy, I should say? I suppose it's one of these whippersnappers who are always loafing around under one's feet."

"It's Ted Lawton," his daughter replied in a troubled voice.

As father and daughter gazed at one another there crept over the old man's face a look of wintry bleakness. For the second time that afternoon he checked an objurgation that trembled on the tip of his tongue.

"So that is why you wanted me to be in a good humor?"

His daughter nodded. "It isn't his fault that you had that lawsuit with his father years ago," she began. "He is a nice boy, father. We all love him and Molly's heart is set on the match."

"What if I refuse?" Mr. Bartholdi asked, frowningly.

"They will have to wait."

"Until I die, eh? Until this confounded rheumatism creeps up to my stomach, and then to my heart, and the time comes when you can do as you like with my money?"

"You know that isn't so, father," his daughter expostulated. "And you won't make me mad, so you may as well calm down. We want your consent to this match for many reasons. Molly is twenty-one and Ted is of age; they can marry to-morrow if they want to—and they do want to—and it is a suitable match every way you look at it. But we want your consent. Molly wants it, and so does Ted. It means a lot to young people just starting out on such an overwhelming adventure to have things made easy and loving for them. Then their children—if they have any—will be your great-grandchildren, father."

Great-grandchildren? Great Julius Cæsar!

Before Mr. Bartholdi's startled vision appeared the mocking smile that would inevitably accompany Mr. James Cannon's morning salutation of the future.

"'Morning, Richard. How's the great-grandchild to-day, Richard?"

Mr. Bartholdi's firm chin hardened perceptibly. It was high time for him to assert himself and put an end to this preposterous marriage.

"Where are these youngsters?" he inquired, brusquely.

"They are in the library," replied his daughter. "They want to see you. I *do* hope that you'll be nice to them, father!"

"Nice? Why in heaven should I be nice?" her father demanded, crushingly.

MR. BARTHOLDI tried to be extraordinarily dignified as he stalked into his library, but his rheumatic knees played him traitor. They were aided and abetted in this particular by a pair of slender but strong young arms which were thrown around his neck as he entered the room, while a pair of warm, velvety lips blocked the objurgation that trembled on his lips for the third time that afternoon.

"You darling granddaddy!" Miss Molly exclaimed, caressingly; "I just *knew* you'd say yes!"

Mr. Bartholdi became painfully conscious of a viselike grip that was afflicting his right hand. Over his granddaughter's brown head he looked into a pair of twinkling brown eyes that seemed to be attached to the owner of the viselike grip. Some one had placed a great spray of lilacs in a tall vase by the window, and their fragrance suddenly engulfed Mr. Richard Bartholdi, aged seventy years and a fraction. Lilacs and a brown head against his heart! Dear God in heaven! How the past came back to him! Something in those twinkling brown eyes, some electric current from that firm young clasp on his hand, mounted through Mr. Bartholdi's rheumatic muscles and flooded his diminished arteries. His predetermined sternness melted as snow before an April rain. He found himself smiling at the son of his ancient enemy and returning a seventy-year-old replica of that viselike grip. Old age had suddenly lost its terrors for him; he would live to see his great-grandchild.

"I hope you'll be happy, Molly, darling," said Mr. Bartholdi as he kissed his granddaughter.

"MOLLY is going to be married," Mr. Bartholdi informed his friend when they met in the park next morning.

"Molly?"

"Emma's child—my grandchild."

"Ah!" There was a world of meaning in Mr. James Cannon's voice, while a pleasantly malicious twinkle came into his faded eyes. "Molly, eh? Then if she has a child it will be—"

"My great-grandchild," Mr. Bartholdi announced, proudly, not waiting for the question to be completed. "Great-grandfathers are rare birds, James. I'm not going to cash in until I've seen Molly's baby."

As Mr. James Cannon regarded the eager flush that swept over his friend's features the satiric retort that rose to his lips died unspoken. Suddenly he felt envious.

"You always were a lucky devil, Richard," he said, gruffly. "Who's the man?"

"Ted Lawton's son."

"The devil you say!" Mr. Cannon looked rightfully astonished, but his friend waved a reassuring hand.

"It doesn't pay to bear a grudge," Mr. Bartholdi explained, apologetically. "I hated the father, but I was young then, and hate came easy. The boy is a nice boy and will make Molly a good husband. I'm glad of it—the marriage, I mean. I want to see her happy, for I'm getting to be an old man, James."

"Old?" Mr. Cannon's astonishment was plainly progressing according to geometric rules.

"Yes, old!" Mr. Bartholdi repeated, firmly.

"He says he's old, and he says it as though he wasn't ashamed of it," Mr. Cannon pondered when the two friends had parted for the day. "Old—and, by George, he's proud of it!"

Mr. Cannon paused in his stride and struck the graveled walk with the end of his cane.

"And he's eleven months younger than I am!"

Then memory came to Mr. James Cannon. He had no daughter Emma, no grandchild Molly, no ancient enemy whose sins he could forgive for a boy's sake; and he was eleven months older than Richard Bartholdi. It abruptly occurred to Mr. Cannon that he would cheerfully give all that those young stockbrokers had left him of his fortune if only he might be a grandfather—much less a great-grandfather. Mr. Cannon's eyes no longer wore the malicious twinkle with which they were wont to regard Mr. Bartholdi. On the contrary, they had grown very dull and lifeless. He looked about him wearily. He had struggled against age. He had fenced with his ancient crony; but he knew that the wounds he had given had been as painful to himself as they had been to his friend, for they, alas! were fellow-passengers on the same boat, bound on an identical voyage.

"He admits that he's old, and he's proud of it!"

"DARN if the old geezer ain't talkin' to himself!"

Mr. Cannon wheeled; he had not been conscious of thinking aloud. The boy and girl who occupied one end of the park bench regarded him with the mildly indifferent gaze of callow youth. Though they were frankly lovers, there was nothing hostile in their attitude towards this intruder upon their privacy.

The boy's arm stayed where it was, the clasped hands remained motionless. Mr. Cannon choked—it was all so open and aboveboard. He was plainly beyond both their experience and their antagonism; an antediluvian, an "old geezer talkin' to himself." Mr. Cannon experienced again that bleakness of soul that had assailed him along with the envy he had felt for Mr. Bartholdi. He passed by the lovers and reached the end of the graveled path, where he turned to retrace his steps. As he did so a pale gleam of late March sunshine broke through the gray clouds overhead and fell at Mr. Cannon's feet.

A little breeze came with it, a vagrant, tender little breeze. It caressed that part of Mr. Cannon's anatomy whereon a white stubble had fallen recently before a skillful razor. The antediluvian's leathery lungs expanded to a breath of balmy air that sent the thin blood pounding through his rigid blood channels.

A pair of gayly appareled ducks began to splash and quack in a little runlet beside the path, their gleaming bills darting in and out as they fought for some unseen dainty beneath the rippling water. What the lilacs had done for Mr. Bartholdi those ducks did for his

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friend. Memory suddenly engulfed Mr. James Cannon, aged seventy-one years and a fraction.

"By golly! They look just like those ducks I had when I was a boy!"

For the second time that morning Mr. Cannon had spoken his thoughts aloud.

He leaned on his cane and watched the ducks splashing in the shallow water, the pale sunshine glittering on their lustrous plumage with prismatic brilliancy.

"Just like those ducks I had when I was a boy," he repeated, solemnly.

That commonplace somehow appeared to Mr. Cannon as endowed with a tremendous significance. Some other boy must be the proud possessor of just such another pair at that very moment. In another sixty-five years there would be another old man and another boy—the circle would be repeated and repeated. Mr. Cannon did not wince at the phrase "old man." "I am an old man—why try to hide it?" he admitted to himself. "But I was a boy once and I owned a pair of ducks just like those yonder. Heigho! but life's been good to me, after all. It's great to have been a boy."

MR. CANNON turned on his heel and walked back along the path beside which the lovers were seated; but it was a different Mr. Cannon from the one who had passed that way a few short moments before. He greeted the lovers with a kindly smile; it didn't matter to him that they mistook it for a grin of amusement, for he no longer minded their indifference. He was "an old geezer," but he had ceased being ashamed of it. He would never be a great-grandfather; but at last old age had lost its terrors for him. He would live to tease Mr. Bartholdi about his great-grandchild; he would live to boast of his age, to be proud of being an antediluvian.

"It's going to be an early spring," remarked Mr. James Cannon, blissfully unaware that he was speaking his thoughts aloud for the third time that morning.

A RUSSIAN JEW AND THE CHRISTIAN CHURCHES

BY ISAAC DON LEVINE

AS a child I learned to fear and keep at a respectable distance from a church. Whenever my way lay near the only church of my native town in White Russia I would make a wide detour to avoid passing it, so that I should not have to take off my hat. But this was only the formal excuse. There were several more substantial reasons for my action, the chief of which was that I would either encounter a group of Christian boys near the church and be treated with a beating or that I would forget myself and chance to expectorate in front of the church, and, if detected, be arrested and —who knows?—perhaps be exiled to Siberia. Then the prospects of being kidnapped and baptized and being forced to live among Christians and eat pork did not appeal to my imagination. Our town at that time had not yet forgotten the then recent occurrence of this kind, when a Christian, enamored of a young Jewess, forcibly abducted her into some monastery, baptized her, and married her in spite of her and her parents' protests.

When I grew a little older, in my early boyhood, my fear of the church had slowly changed into hatred. I had already learned about the Crusades and the Inquisition, and a blind, passionate hatred for everything Christian permeated my blood. Christ to me then was the inventor of a machinery that had for eighteen centuries been employed in burning, crucifying, exterminating a people. The priest in the street, in his black robe, was to me the symbol of paganism, barbarism, ignorance. And the church was a place where Christians deified a wooden statue and revered a number of persons who stood for bloody execution and torture throughout the eighteen centuries of Christianity. In those days the mention of the name of Jesus Christ was forbidden in the community, and if one happened to pronounce it by chance he would speedily accompany it by a vigorous spitting.

All this time the church was a mystery to me. Sometimes I would stealthily approach it and try to divine the expression on the face of the richly ornamented statuette of Christ, placed high above the main entrance to the church, and from the opposite sidewalk I would strain my eyes to see through the open doors the figures on the walls in the interior of the church and to understand their significance. But there was little in those paintings that I understood, and not much that could be observed from a distance outside. So the mystery about the church remained as thick and deep as ever, as impressed on my imagination. Of course I never thought of approaching the church on a day when there were services going on; and when the mighty bells in the church towers sent forth vibrations that shook the town and its surroundings my heart would beat faster and my imagination would endeavor to draw a picture of the interior of the church at that moment.

Then in my early youth came the days of doubt, skepticism, free-thinking. The synagogue had lost its grip on me. It was a place for tears, for wailing, for submission to the yoke, and patiently suffering it. And I was then filled with the fighting spirit of youth, with ambition, intolerance, and revolt. The church at that period of my life had ceased existing. It lost all its significance in my eyes, together with the synagogue. Both, I thought, were archaic and at the end of their careers. In those phantasmagoric days I momentarily expected the arrival of a wonderful social order on earth.

And then came a shock. A member of the church, a Christian priest, suddenly arose and became the inspired leader of the people. At the head of a vast mass of humanity, he appeared one Sunday before the Czar's palace and asked for liberty and justice. And he had the courage to face the soldiers' bullets and the Cossacks' sabers on that Bloody Sunday, as it has been christened in history. The church at once became to me a living, animated institution, fighting the people's battles. The somber and calm priest was now in my eyes a secret revolutionist awaiting the opportune moment to lead the masses in the struggle for freedom; and every morning I would hopefully look at the church towers, expecting the huge copper bells to begin gathering the people from the town and the villages and calling them into the revolutionary ranks.

But month after month went by—bloody months of revolution—and the church remained as passive as ever to the stormy currents of life raging around it. One day I participated in a parade which passed by the church. There were red and black banners floating above us with fiery inscriptions. But when I looked at the statuette of Christ high above the entrance to the church, I saw it was unchanged, and through the open doors of the church I noticed that the paintings in the interior still retained that old mysteriousness of theirs. Even the Christian boys still flocked in its vicinity, with the only difference that now they would throw no more stones at me.

Then came the brief days of intoxicating liberty, followed quickly by a tremendous wave of reaction. That was the period of ordered massacres on a national scale. The church had suddenly become active. The huge copper bells sent forth from the church towers powerful vibrations that echoed and reechoed for miles in the hills and valleys surrounding the town. Thousands responded to the call and poured into the city from north and south, east and west. To the edifice where Christ dwelt they came armed with rifles, swords, axes, hay-forks, knives, scythes, saws, and all kinds of primitive weapons. The church could not accommodate even half the crowd, and the priest, standing on the stairs at

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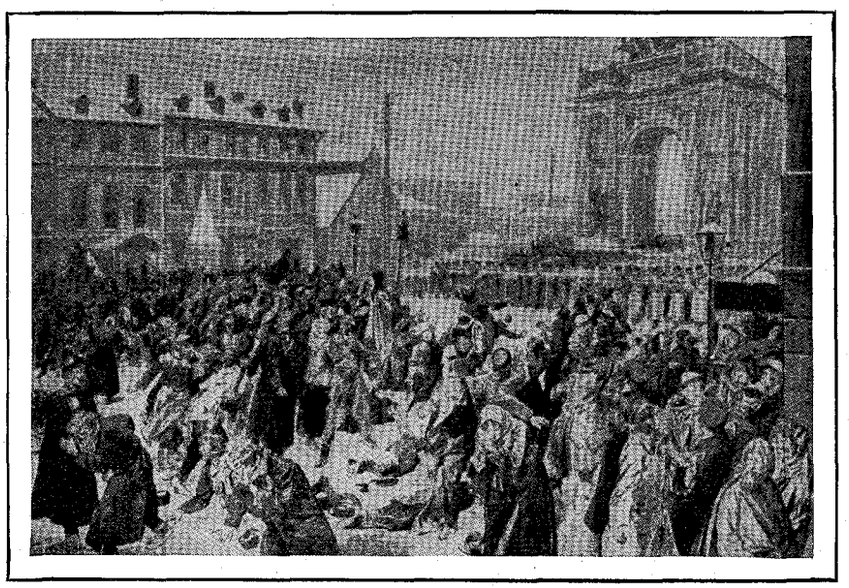
the entrance, addressed the multitude. He spoke of Christ and the Czar, and their duty to both. He spoke very eloquently and enthusiastically of their Christian mission, and blessed them on their way. Then the mass surged forth wildly with the savage cry, "Kill the Jews!" and did its horrible work. There were babies, born and unborn, mothers, daughters, fathers, sons, limbs, arms, fingers, and even solitary eyes—wide-open eyes crushed out of their orbits—buried in one large fraternal grave. There were orphans, widows, cripples, dazed, insane men and women robbed of their earthly possessions, huddled in the synagogues, crying in horrifying voices to God. And in the church the sackers hid all the looted goods, in the church they divided their spoils. Oh, how I hated the church at that time! Had I not been forced to leave my native town immediately I would have set it afire the following Sunday morning when it was packed to its doors.

One Sunday morning I found myself wandering aimlessly in the streets of New York. The metropolitan canyons were resting, as if they had emptied their tempestuous human currents into the harbor and fallen into deep slumber. Suddenly the sonorous chiming of bells reached my ears, and at the thought of a church my pulse began beating faster and faster. Walking in the direction of the sounds, I soon discovered the brown edifice of a church jammed between rows of Babylonian towers. It looked to me like a cherubic apostle of God in the midst of a tribe of gigantic pagans.

There was a sign, "All Welcome," on the door, and the near-by bulletin board informed me that the sermon that morning would be delivered by a well-known minister on a subject that promised much. I entered. A Sphinx-like usher assigned me a seat and handed me a programme. And what a wonderful programme that was! Like the menu of some royal dinner, it combined a great variety of artistically selected spiritual dishes. Interchanging in the right proportions of a scientifically prepared meal came a number of items that completely and thickly covered two fair-sized pages. There were individual singing, choir singing, and collective singing; harp-playing, organ-playing, and piano-playing; readings from the Bible by the minister and by his assistant, with the congregation standing and seated; blessings, announcements, offering, and the sermon. It was plainly a case of Christianity *à la carte!*

That I was actually stupefied for some moments by the programme is shown by the fact that for some time I remained unaware of the efforts of my neighbor to release the sleeve of his coat on which I was seated. Then I looked around. The house was full of fashionably dressed women and elderly men. Most of them were discussing the programme in whispers. Two hours later, I thought, they would be discussing in much the same manner, though perhaps more audibly, the art of their cooks at their dining-tables; the following morning they would be discussing the latest fashion patterns in their drawing-rooms; and in the evening acrobats and dancers in some vaudeville theater or cabaret. Such was God worship according to progressive ideas of the twentieth century.



Courtesy of Strand Magazine

"A CHRISTIAN PRIEST SUDDENLY AROSE AND BECAME THE INSPIRED LEADER OF THE PEOPLE. AT THE HEAD OF A VAST MASS OF HUMANITY, HE APPEARED ONE SUNDAY BEFORE THE CZAR'S PALACE AND ASKED FOR LIBERTY AND JUSTICE. AND HE HAD THE COURAGE TO FACE THE SOLDIERS' BULLETS AND THE COSSACKS' SABERS ON THAT BLOODY SUNDAY, AS IT HAS BEEN CHRISTENED IN HISTORY"

Father Gapon, the priest spoken of, is seen in the picture facing the troops at the head of his followers, holding aloft the sacred emblem

Promptly at eleven the programme started. There were good and bad musical selections played on the harp, organ, and piano. There were hymns sparkling with divine inspiration and hymns that were mere jumbles of rhyming words sung. There were some of the most beautiful and some of the most nonsensical passages of the Bible read. There were empty plates handed out by the Sphinx-like ushers to the congregation and plates filled with silver coins, bills, and checks returned by the congregation to the same ushers. And then the minister delivered his message to the flock of worthy Christians.

The text for the sermon was from Matthew—the famous parable of the talents. And in more than an hour's talk the eloquent preacher prescribed a very simple solution of the poverty problem to his audience that was composed of those who "had received five talents" and "two talents" from their Lord. He advised those who "had received one talent" not to revolt, to be content and happy, for the Lord gives "to every man according to his several abilities." Each class of human society should be content with the kind of life it was destined to lead on earth, for in the kingdom of heaven all will be equal, all rewarded along democratic lines.

That is how the apostle of Christ interpreted his parable to the congregation of Christians. And what amazed me, the Jew, was not the hypocritical flattering of the wealthy class nor the counseling the poor to make use of the little they possessed and be content with it, but the entire lack of the philosophical, analytical process of thinking—something that, as I have later discovered, is the virtue of the average priest. He starts out with an assumption, without having proved its validity, and on it he builds up the whole fabric of his sermon. He tells us to believe that the Lord gives "every man according to his several ability," in spite of facts to the contrary. He takes it for granted that every one gets what he deserves, in spite of the brilliant child of the slums and the stupid child of the millionaire. He says, "Do so and so," but he is afraid of the "Why?" He propounds theories, but furnishes no proofs.

When the sermon ended and the people, beaming with satisfaction, arose and made for the doors, my imagination carried me away to the church of my native town in White Russia. How different was that one from this! Here there were no images on the walls, no lighted icons in the corners. And how different were these Christians from *those*—different in nearly everything. But, just the same, I felt, as I lingered behind and contemplated the departing mass of humanity, that there was something in common between these and *those*—that there was a fundamental similarity between them. And it was not until I left the church and went out into the open sunshine that it dawned upon me that that similarity was ignorance.

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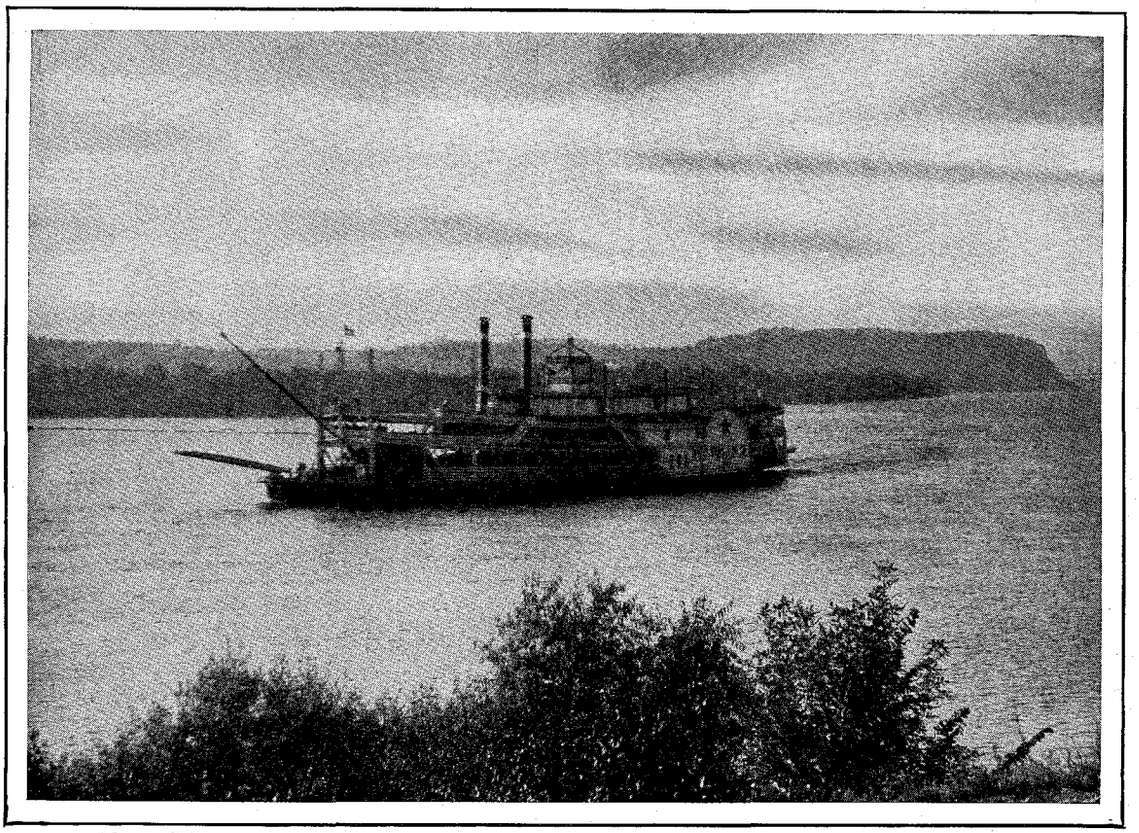
FRIENDS AND FOES OF WESTERN COMMERCE

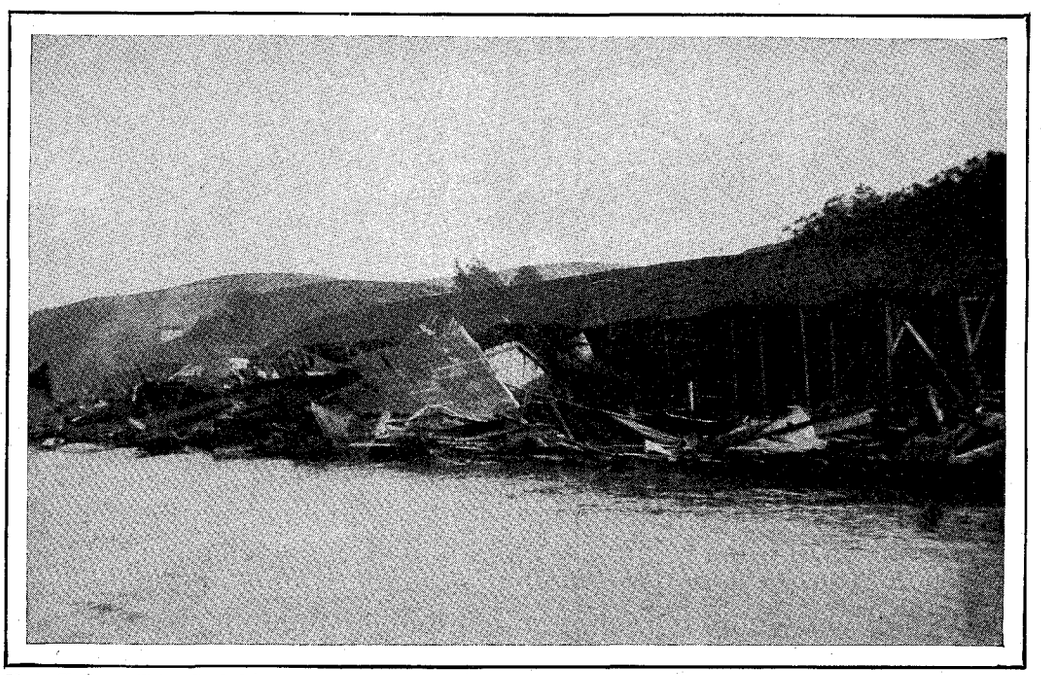
PICTURES FROM OUTLOOK READERS



From T. T. Maxey, Chicago

THE GREAT MID-CONTINENTAL WATER HIGHWAY, WITH A TYPICAL MISSISSIPPI FREIGHT CARRIER

The palmy days of the great Mississippi steamboats before and after the Civil War, as celebrated in Mark Twain's "Life on the Mississippi," seem coming back to some extent, so far at least as freight is concerned, as the records show the commerce of the river to have been steadily increasing since 1914



From Emanuel Fritz, Berkeley, Cal.

TEREDOS DESTROY GRAIN WAREHOUSES ON SAN FRANCISCO BAY

The shipworm, or teredo, which in the days of exclusively wooden vessels inflicted great damage on the merchant marine, occasionally makes incursions on buildings near the shore, the effects being seen in the picture. The supporting piles of these buildings are said to have been completely riddled by the worm, unseen and unsuspected until the structure collapsed, destroying a large amount of grain. This pest, our informant states, riddles a pile with circular galleries as thick as a finger. It does not enter the wood for food but for shelter, it is stated. The damage done in this case amounted to many thousands of dollars

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THE BOOK TABLE

FOUR REVIEWS

BY LYMAN ABBOTT

ONE of the essays in this volume[1] indicates two of the qualities which to thoughtful readers have made William James a most fascinating writer. "Philosophers," he says, "are like poets. . . . Both alike have the same function. They are, if I may use a simile, so many spots or blazes—blazes made by the ax of the human intellect on the trees of the otherwise trackless forest of human experience." It is because philosophers have not recognized this affinity of philosophy to poetry, because, infected by the scientific spirit, they have tried to treat human experience as though it were like physical nature, subject to invariable law and capable of exact definition, that philosophy has seemed to the average man unreal, and therefore both untrue and uninteresting. The other principle James thus states: "The ultimate test for us of what a truth means is indeed the conduct it dictates or inspires. . . . Suppose there are two different philosophical definitions, or propositions, or maxims, or what not, which seem to contradict each other, and about which men dispute. If by supposing the truth of the one you can foresee no conceivable practical consequence to anybody at any time or place, which is different from what you would foresee if you supposed the truth of the other, why then the difference between the two propositions is no difference—it is only a specious and verbal difference, unworthy of further contention." His recognition of the first proposition makes Professor James an idealist; he deals with the invisible world; and much of his writing has the qualities of a prose poem. The second proposition makes him a pragmatist; it makes his writing real and makes him a practical guide to life. For readers who are willing to think over what they are reading, this volume of essays and fragments of essays will probably be a more valuable guide to William James's mind than one of his larger books, partly because it is made up of fragments, partly because the essays were originally written for current periodicals and most of them for thoughtful but unscholastic readers.

. . .

Professor Royce is an analyst. His interest in the study of a subject is in intellectually taking it to pieces and seeing of what it is composed. This makes many of his essays[2] difficult reading. Thus in "Tests of Right and Wrong" he requires the reader to "undertake a brief analysis of consciousness in general." His leadership in this process is wonderfully clear; yet when his pupil gets through the analysis of so simple a proposition as "this paper is white" and finds it composed of three elements, he has done some not easy thinking and is somewhat doubtful whether the result is any better equipment for dealing with questions of right and wrong. On the other hand, Professor Royce's analysis of "George Eliot as a Religious Teacher" reveals in that great novelist an element of greatness which this reader had not before realized, and he is minded to take up "Scenes from Clerical Life" or "Daniel Deronda" for a re-reading with new and deeper interest because of the new light thrown upon them. In the main, however, this book of essays is rather for the trained thinker interested in studying intellectual picture puzzles than for the general reader who is more interested in the results than in the processes of thought.

. . .

The spirit of true religion involves a combination of imagination and conscience: imagination to inspire emotion; conscience to harness the emotion and to guide in the path of duty. Because few writers are able to supply both elements interesting and useful religious literature is rare. The emotion without the conscience furnishes æsthetic enjoyment in worship, but does not inspire conduct; conscience without emotion points out the path of duty, but furnishes no power to walk in it. It is because Dr. Fosdick's writings furnish both light and warmth, guidance and power, that his booklets, of which this is the fourth, have rendered so valuable a service to sincere seekers after the life that is worth while. I heartily commend this little volume[3] as a worthy companion to the other volumes with analogous titles, "The Meaning of Prayer" and "The Meaning of Faith."

. . .

Dr. Hill's thesis is that Abraham Lincoln was a "Man of God." The bibliography appended at the close of his volume[4] indicates that he is familiar with a large portion of Lincoln literature, and from that literature he has selected a great variety of anecdotes to illustrate and enforce his theme. His book does not indicate that he has been at pains to determine whether all these stories are adequately authenticated nor that he is familiar with the crude religious ideas of the pioneer community in which Abraham Lincoln grew up. Nor does his volume trace the development of Mr. Lincoln's religious experience as Dr. Barton has done in "The Soul of Abraham Lincoln." But it is interesting and readable, and it brings into prominence a phase of Lincoln's character which will need emphasizing as long as the false impression produced by Lamon and Herndon continues to find any currency.

[1] Collected Essays and Reviews. By William James. Longmans, Green & Co., New York.

[2] Fugitive Essays. By Josiah Royce. Introduction by Dr. J. Loewenberg. The Harvard University Press, Cambridge.

[3] The Meaning of Service. By Harry Emerson Fosdick. The Association Press, New York.

[4] Abraham Lincoln, Man of God. By John Wesley Hill, D.D., LL.D. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York.

THE NEW BOOKS

FICTION

BROWN WOLF, AND OTHER JACK LONDON STORIES. Chosen by Franklin K. Mathiews. The Macmillan Company, New York.

These short stories, mainly about animals, are worthy of the author of "White Fang" and "The Call of the Wild," They are decidedly worth collecting. The volume is one every boy and every lover of wild life would rejoice to have.

CORDS OF VANITY (THE). By James Branch Cabell. Robert M. McBride & Co., New York.

A new edition of one of Mr. Cabell's less important novels, which has been improved by a thorough rewriting, but is not yet as well centered and vital as it is original.

BOOKS FOR YOUNG FOLKS

BOY APPRENTICED TO AN ENCHANTER (THE) By Padraic Colum. Illustrated. The Macmillan Company, New York.

These fairy stories in prose by an Irish poet of fine imaginative power are tastefully printed and aptly illustrated by Dugald Stewart Walker.

DOINGS OF JANE (THE). By Sarah Harbine Weaver. The Stratford Company, Boston.

Amusing experiences and pranks of mischievous college girls make up a lively and jolly story.

ISABEL STIRLING. By Evelyn Schuyler Schaeffer. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York.

A well-written story of a girl's life. School, society, romance, and army life, with a spice of adventure, are all shown as seen by a clever young woman; and the author is endowed with the power of making others see what Isabel experienced. The story is mature enough to interest all and it surely should attract girl readers.

SONS O' CORMAC (THE). By Aldis Dunbar. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York.

The ancient Irish heroes who figure in these studies had fun in their composition as well as heroism. The tales are told by an Irish gardener to a group of children, just as Uncle Remus told his delightful yarns, only fairies take the place of Br'er Rabbit and Sis Cow. They make capital reading.

MUSIC, PAINTING, AND OTHER ARTS

PICTORIAL PHOTOGRAPHY IN AMERICA, 1921. The Pictorial Photographers of America, New York City.

This volume is creditable alike to the photographers and the printers who have made the book. The photographs are almost entirely the work of amateurs, but the composition and finish of their contributions may well serve as a

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Courtesy of Pictorial Photographers of America

THE VANISHING ROAD

By Otto C. Schulte, San Francisco, Cal.

stimulus and an inspiration to professional workers and will be a delight to all picture-lovers. The plate we reproduce on this page furnishes an apt illustration of the truism that the artist with feeling can find his subject without going to the ends of the earth to get it. "Throw down your bucket where you are!"—is advice that the art worker in whatever medium may well take to heart when he sees what can be done in artistic achievement with an ordinary roadside scene.

BIOGRAPHY

DAY BEFORE YESTERDAY. REMINISCENCES OF A VARIED LIFE. By Maitland Armstrong. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York.

The late Maitland Armstrong was an American painter and designer of stained glass, a friend of Saint-Gaudens and La Farge, and a figure of interest in the world of art. He was also a diplomatist, and as Consul-General to Rome saw the birth of modern Italy as a nation. His family had its roots in ante-Revolutionary days and his social connection was wide. He had the narrative gift and a genial view of life. His reminiscences make capital reading.

TRAVEL AND DESCRIPTION

OLD VILLAGE LIFE. By P. H. Ditchfield, M.A., F.S.A. Illustrated. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York.

A readable description of the village life of England in many centuries and peoples—in Roman times and before, in Saxon and Norman England, in Tudor and Stuart days, and so down to and including the nineteenth century. Research and thorough study are evident. The style is clear and readable, and the author brings out in an interesting fashion industrial, agricultural, and social customs and conditions.

SNAPSHOTS BY THE WAY. By Gilbert Guest. The Burkley Printing Company, Omaha.

Not photographs, but short stories with an element of naïve humor in them. The style is flowery and the stories would bear condensing.

THROUGH THE LAND OF PROMISE. By Rev. P. A. Mattison, Ph.D., D.D. The Stratford Company, Boston.

This book will be chiefly of interest to the friends of the author. Except for the abundant historical and Scriptural references connecting the places visited with historical incidents, there is nothing which distinguishes this travel letter from letters written by hundreds of travelers to their friends at home. Dr. Mattison took his panoramic journey so rapidly that he had no time for more than superficial impressions, and he has not been able to give to his readers more than he could gather for himself.

WAR BOOKS

NAVAL HISTORY OF THE WAR (THE), 1914–1918. By Henry Newbolt. The George H. Doran Company, New York.

Perhaps the time has not yet come for a definitive history of naval operations during the Great War, but here is an admirable presentation of the facts as far as we now know them, with many interesting reflections on the German and British navies and their encounters. The author's knowledge is comprehensive and highly technical, but he writes in a popular style that will interest nearly all readers. An American is naturally disappointed at the small space given to America's help in freeing the sea from the German menace.

MISCELLANEOUS

NEW ENGLAND IN THE LIFE OF THE WORLD. By Howard Allen Bridgman. The Pilgrim Press, Boston.

Here is a book to make transplanted New Englanders, wherever they are, proud of themselves and of the land of their origin, and to make the home-stayers realize as never before the wide influence that New England has had on the world's history. The chapters give a comprehensive review of the effect of New England emigration on the various States of the Union, on the Near and Far East, and on Hawaii and other islands through the work of missionaries.

BOOKS RECEIVED

FICTION

HEAD OF THE LOWER SCHOOL. By Dorothea Moore. Illustrated. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York.

LEOPARD PRINCE (THE). By Nathan Gallizier. Illustrated. The Page Company, Boston.

MR. DIMOCK: A STORY OF TO-DAY. By Mrs. Denis O'Sullivan. The John Lane Company, New York.

PADDY-THE-NEXT-BEST-THING. By Gertrude Page. The Frederick A. Stokes Company, New York.

POOR WHITE. A Novel. By Sherwood Anderson. B. W. Huebsch, New York.

TROOP ONE OF THE LABRADOR. By Dillon Wallace. Illustrated. The Fleming H. Revell Company, New York.

BOOKS FOR YOUNG FOLKS

ADELE DORING ON A RANCH. By Grace May North. The Lothrop, Lee & Shepard Company, Boston.

ENCHANTED FOREST (THE). By William Bowen. Illustrated. The Macmillan Company, New York.

GAMES FOR BOYS. By G. S. Ripley. Illustrated. Henry Holt & Co., New York.

IRISH FAIRY TALES. By James Stephens. Illustrated. The Macmillan Company, New York.

SHELDON SIX (THE)—ANNE. By Grace M. Remick. Illustrated. The Penn Publishing Company, Philadelphia.

MUSIC, PAINTING, AND OTHER ARTS

BEST PLAYS OF 1919-1920 (THE). And the Year Book of the Drama in America. Edited by Burns Mantle. Small, Maynard & Co., Boston.

ESSENTIALS IN ART. By Osvald Siren, Ph.D. Illustrated. The John Lane Company, New York.

GIOVANNI DELLA ROBBIA. By Allan Marquard. Princeton Monographs in Art and Archæology VIII. The Princeton University Press, Princeton.

WHAT MUSIC CAN DO FOR YOU. A Guide for the Uninitiated. By Harriet A. Seymour. Harper & Brothers, New York.

POETRY

BEYOND THE DESERT. By Alfred Noyes. The Frederick A. Stokes Company, New York.

BRIDE OF CORINTH (THE), AND OTHER POEMS AND PLAYS. By Anatole France. Translated by Wilfrid Jackson and Emilie Jackson. The John Lane Company, New York.

COLLECTED POEMS 1901–1918. By Walter de la Mare. 2 vols. Henry Holt & Co., New York.

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THE EDITORS' MAIL BAG

A POETICAL ADDRESS

THE OUTLOOK has recently been publishing matters of interest in connection with the late James G. Blaine, and the following may be pertinent to the subject. Judge Samuel Barnes Gookins, of Strawberry Hill, Terre Haute, Indiana, who is so lovingly remembered by Dr. Lyman Abbott, was one of the best of Chicago lawyers. Judge Gookins was a fine writer and by nature a true poet. He wrote the dedicatory hymn which was set to music and sung at the dedication of the Plymouth Congregational Church of Chicago. "The Minor Key" was considered among his best. Very frequently he was called upon by the public to speak in the interests of his party. Some years ago a Terre Haute paper contained one of his speeches that he was particularly anxious that Mr. Blaine should see. Not knowing the exact address of Mr. Blaine, he put the paper containing the article in a wrapper, and on the outside wrote:

To James G. Blaine,
Who lives in Maine,
This paper I have sent.

I do not know,
At what P. O.
U. S. will find the gent.

But since good fame
Repeats his name
So widely in these days,

I do not doubt
'Twill find him out,
Unhidden by the Hayes.

Mr. Blaine received the paper and acknowledged it, being very much pleased with Judge Gookins's speech, and from that time on they were extremely good friends. EDWIN W. KEMPER.

THE CHEAP AND THE OBVIOUS

BEING naturally a mush of concession, I have long and painfully cultivated a habit of contradiction, just to keep my spirit exercised. But, regretfully, I can find nothing to contradict in Mr. Pulsifer's article "The World's Worst Failure." My first impulse was to say, "No wholesome fun? What about Dorothy Gish in her vain efforts to dispose of her first chewing-gum, as Little Miss Rebellion? No poetic pathos? Have you seen Charlie Chaplin in 'The Bank'?" But these instances, like others I was prepared to cite, had nothing to do with the case. They were entirely matters of personality.

Why is it that the movies are so engrossed with the cheap and obvious? Against horse-play and buffoonery I have not a word to say. The young barbarian who persists in most of us will never quite lose the relish for robust clowning. But false sentiment and distorted values —what excuse is there for the prevalence of these? Is the fault with the managers, or the scenario writers, or with us? I hope your article will make us think the question out.

New York City. A. J. BURR.

> DEPRIVE a man of his mate, and he finds the world intolerably lonesome. Give him a companion, and the two irritate each other. For, if only by mere accident, they erelong become rivals in some quest; or perhaps they interrupt each other in a conversation and then each, if sufficiently eager, begins to say (out of pure love both for his fellow and for the sound of his own voice): "Do not interrupt me. Listen to me."
>
> —*Josiah Royce.*

SEA-SERPENT OR SAURIAN

Rev. Lyman Abbott, D.D.:

DEAR SIR—I have been reading your "Snapshots" in The Outlook, and have been much interested in them, but in the course of one of them, I think the one about Barnum, you speak in a tone of rather contemptuous amusement of people who believe in the sea-serpent.

I thought it might interest you to know about the creature which has appeared at uncertain intervals in Nahant Bay. The first time I ever heard of it was in the Life of a well-known Boston philanthropist, Amos Lawrence. His grandson, Arthur Lawrence, was then, and for many years afterwards, the rector of our church in Stockbridge. He had lent my mother this Life of his grandfather, and the next time he came to our house mamma spoke of this story, which is briefly this: "At uncertain intervals there has been seen in Nahant Bay, generally among a body of the small whales, called 'blackfish,' the head and neck of a creature, said head and neck being ten feet high, lifted straight up; the thing then plunges and comes up again." At the time Amos Lawrence wrote about it, which, if I mistake not, was about 1830, the creature had been seen by many people, who went in carriages, and so on, down to the bay, and it was last seen putting out to sea with the blackfish.

The next time the rector dined with us mamma spoke of this story (Mr. Lawrence had been away in his brother's yacht on his vacation), and she asked Mr. Lawrence what he thought of the tale. He calmly replied, "I saw it the other day."

Mr. Frank Lawrence's yacht, sailing about Nahant Bay, had met the creature, chased it around for about three hours; once Mr. Frank Lawrence fired at it, and, though they heard the ball strike, it produced no apparent effect, and it at last put out to sea with the "blackfish." They got near enough to it, once or twice, to see its eyes and mouth. Mr. Lawrence said he thought it looked more like a saurian than a serpent. His brother Frank wanted the rector to go and make an affidavit on the subject, but the rector declined, for the same reason, I suppose, that no sea captain will ever report queer-looking monsters seen on voyages. Strangely enough, one of my brothers saw the same creature on an Atlantic voyage; the passengers watched it for some time, but of course the captain never reported it.

There has been so much testimony on the subject in the last ten or twenty years that the Massachusetts Historical, or Geographical, Society (I forget which) recorded its belief in the sea-serpent, though it naturally did not declare whether it was a serpent or a saurian, but, at any rate, that this strange monster has been seen at intervals in Nahant Bay and at a certain place in Russia.

I remember reading (now many years ago) that the fishermen of a certain place in Russia had been kept from their ordinary summer industry by this same monster swimming about at the entrance of their bay.

Excuse this long letter, which of course does not ask for any answer. I thought the facts herein related might interest you. Yours truly,

VIRGINIA BUTLER.

Stockbridge, Massachusetts.

TO THE YOUNG-OLD PHILOSOPHER

My dear Young-Old Philosopher—I fear I cannot feel the sadness over the tragedy of spirit such as you claim takes place if we stay too long in the city of New York, or in any great city. In matters of opinion such as these we are guided, naturally enough, I think, by our personal experiences. And mine have been so different.

You tell us that in the city we must have distinct groups of friends; that we must keep these groups apart to avoid mental friction. Have you never experienced groups or individuals at actual enmity as well as friction in small places? Have you never known two people living in a small community —where there are plenty of open spaces —not speaking because of an erstwhile jealous clash over some charity undertaking?

The hostess in New York does not need to dread the mental friction which would result from the meeting of different groups of friends, as must a newcomer to a small community who has not yet learned who get along together and who like each other before she plans her first dinner party.

I agree with you that in the case of

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illness the small places hear of the news quickly. But then again there is a certain privacy in the city. Your appendix and its condition is a secret between it (you're not even admitted to the secret yourself) and the hospital to which you introduce it; but in a smaller place it is the common property of all. I have a feeling that such an innermost matter should not be common property for discussion.

And the thrill of having a friend in the Bronx or in Washington Heights who comes to a far downtown hospital to visit you is worth so much, much more than the one who has nothing to do, no distance to come, and who rather enjoys your illness as a new topic of conversation.

Neighbors? The lack of neighborliness and intimate friends in a city? Perhaps. But I've found more real neighborliness in great, noisy, crowded, abused New York than anywhere else. At one time my work called me to the poorer section of the city at a period when there was a great deal of unemployment. Again and again and again I found two families or more living together—one man who had work helping his neighbor along, letting the neighbor and the family (no small matter in those instances) live with him until better times came. And if I expressed surprise to either the husband or wife when such acts of kindness had been extended in many cases over periods of several months, the answer I always received was:

"Why, no, it ain't much extra work or money. But, anyway, what else would you have us do? They're *neighbors*." And the mere sound of the word sounded the neighborliness that was felt.

As a rule, I am one of your faithful disciples. But in this case I must disagree. "Why do these glittering lights attract us poor moths?"

Because, I feel, we see not only the city's dazzling lights but the light that shines from human hearts; and there are so many of them in a city! And even though we may not always see that light, we can feel the warmth of its glow. MARY GRAHAM BONNER.

TIMBER WASTE AND FREIGHT RATES

THE recent advance in freight rates, which amounts to about 33⅓ per cent on lumber commodities, has done more to waste the great timber resources of this country than any other factor. We believe that this freight rate will cause the waste of more timber than all of the forest fires in the country. For example: the logs from hardwood timber will only run about 25 per cent clear or high-grade material. They will run about 50 per cent No. 1 common or second-grade and 25 per cent No. 2 common or third-grade material.

In hardwood operations the logs are usually taken from the woods, loaded on freight cars, and shipped over the public carriers to the various manufacturing centers. It has always been a problem to the lumbermen how to dispose of their low-grade material—that is, the product of these third-grade logs; and they have only been running these through their plants and about break even—that is, they are able to sell it for just enough to pay their expenses in the matter. Any profits they make must be made on the first-grade and second-grade logs.

Now, with the advanced freight rate in effect; this affects the lumberman, first, on the rate on the logs into his manufacturing plant and, second, the rate from his manufacturing plant to the consuming markets. This, therefore, puts the price to the consumer so high that he cannot afford to buy low-grade lumber, and, consequently, there is no market for it. Lumbermen are therefore compelled to leave these logs in the woods. Please note, as I before stated, this will amount to about 25 per cent of all the timber taken from the woods. This, therefore, means a very large economic loss.

These logs would make excellent lumber to be used for crating purposes, for making boxes, siding for car doors, and many other uses where lumber must be used. It is therefore incumbent upon the railway companies, for the benefit of the country as a whole and for the preservation of countless millions of feet of lumber, that freight rates on low-grade lumber be reduced so as to permit of the wide distribution of same. This is a matter of vital concern to the country as a whole and is not confined to the lumber industry in particular.

ROY O. MARTIN.

Memphis, Tennessee.

PRIZE CONTEST NUMBER TWO

What The World War Did To Me

YOU are a different man or woman from the one you were before August, 1914. The war caused deep and lasting changes in every human being during those four years. There was no escape, even though you never saw a marching column. For the best letter telling us what the World War did to you, we will award:

a first prize of Fifty Dollars
a second prize of Thirty Dollars
a third prize of Twenty Dollars

How did the war change you? How did it alter your character? What did it add—what did it take away? Are you better for the war or worse? What spiritual upheavals, what subtle reactions, have you experienced?

Search yourself for answers to these questions. Then write us a letter. In Contest Number One we asked you to write 500 words about The Outlook. Now write about yourself. Take 600 words to do it in—we are more interested in you than in ourselves. We don't like to impose a limit, but our restricted space demands it. By a 600-word limit we merely mean the space that 600 words of average length will occupy. By using shorter words you can get in more. But be genuine; get down to realities.

CONDITIONS OF CONTEST

1. Write your name (add a pen name, if you like, for publication) and address in the upper left-hand corner of your letter.
2. All letters must be typewritten on one side of the paper only.
3. Limit your letter to 600 words of average length.
4. Your letter, to be eligible, must reach us on or before March 31, 1921.
5. We reserve the right to purchase desirable letters not winning prizes, and to publish them in The Outlook.
6. Unavailable letters will not be returned.
7. The staff of The Outlook will be the judges of the contest.

Address all contest letters to

CONTEST EDITOR, THE OUTLOOK COMPANY
381 Fourth Avenue, New York

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A Petition for Better Roads—

To Our Road Officials

Whereas the roads in this vicinity have been a source of expense and inconvenience, due to mud, dust and ruts; and

Whereas these roads have been the cause of

(1) *high taxes* to cover cost of frequent repairs;
(2) *high cost* of hauling due to added time required and necessity for carrying underweight loads;
(3) *loss* of business to local merchants;
(4) *loss* of business to our farmers who cannot compete successfully with farmers in neighboring good-roads communities;
(5) *depreciation* of property values;
(6) *inadequate* schooling for children due to lack of good roads.

Therefore We, the undersigned taxpayers, do hereby petition you to consider means of correcting the aforementioned conditions, by construction of *good roads*, and

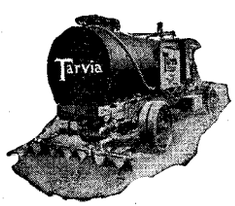
We Recommend Tarvia Roads, because we have had an opportunity to observe the economy and the benefits Tarvia Roads have brought to other communities. We are convinced that Tarvia is the quickest, surest and *most economical* way to all-year-round roads, free from mud, dust and ruts, and proof against water and frost.

(*Signed*) _____

(*Signed*) _____

(*Signed*) _____

(*Signed*) _____



Copy this petition—get some of your neighbors to sign it, too—and send it to your Road Officials. They are anxious to serve you, but you must tell them what you need and want. A petition like this will bring results.

Tarvia has given smooth, dustless, mudless, waterproof highways to thousands of communities. Your community can enjoy the same benefits—and *will*—if *you* start the movement for Tarvia Roads.

Our Special Service Department will send you without charge booklets describing the various grades of Tarvia. Address nearest office.

Tarvia

Preserves Roads—Prevents Dust

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THIS WEEK'S OUTLOOK

A WEEKLY OUTLINE STUDY OF CURRENT HISTORY[1]

BY J. MADISON GATHANY

SCARBOROUGH SCHOOL, SCARBOROUGH-ON-HUDSON, N. Y.

Politicians and a Secretary of State

WOULD you like to be called a politician? What was the original meaning of this word? Is the present connotation of this word less or more complimentary than that which it once possessed? If a change in its meaning has occurred, to what do you attribute this change?

Can The Outlook be justified in heading an editorial "Wanted—More Politicians"? Was Mr. Wilson a politician in The Outlook's sense of the word when he made Mr. Bryan his Secretary of State? Was Mr. Roosevelt a politician in the same sense when he exposed and prosecuted Republicans holding places in the Post Office under his Administration? Was Mr. Taft a politician when he failed to take action against those guilty of similar conduct in the Land Office? What was the effect of President Roosevelt's action upon the Republican party? Of President Taft's?

In an editorial entitled "The New Administration's Secretary of State" The Outlook discusses Mr. Harding's announcement that he has chosen Charles Evans Hughes as his Secretary of State. Is this a "political appointment"?

Using your own definition of the word, would you call Mr. Hughes a politician? What effect will the appointment of Hughes have upon the country? Upon the political fortunes of the Republican party?

The Outlook states that Mr. Hughes is offered "the opportunity of becoming one of the greatest American Secretaries of State." Can you name any great American Secretaries of State and the achievements for which they are most renowned? What is the opportunity which awaits Mr. Hughes?

Neighbors; Jews and Christian Churches

In an editorial in this issue the Editor-in-Chief of The Outlook discusses the question "Who is My Neighbor?" In an article on page 344 Isaac Don Levine discusses "A Russian Jew and Christian Churches." What hope does America hold for those who have suffered as Mr. Levine as a young man suffered?

Do race hatred and religious bigotry exist in America? Cite examples. If you have seen such examples, state the underlying causes and define the cure which you would offer.

Is political democracy a panacea for race and religious prejudice? Is our public school system? Does the school dedicated to any particular religious faith decrease or increase the danger of intolerance?

Do you think that the sermon quoted by Mr. Levine is typical of the attitude of Protestant churches in America? Do you consider this sermon the creation of ignorance?

Is Mr. Levine fair in saying that the ignorance of the American church and that of the Russian church belong in the same class?

Is ignorance the cause of all prejudice?

The St. Lawrence Outlet to the Sea

There are those who fear that the development of the West by making seaports of cities on the Great Lakes will be harmful to ports on the Atlantic coast. Is it justifiable to take this thought into consideration in discussing the project described on page 340 of this issue of The Outlook?

Cite instances where the shifting of transportation routes had adversely affected long-established cities. Has the total gain been greater than the total loss?

Is the prosperity of the Atlantic coast cities bound up with the prosperity of the interior of the American continent? Can one section of the country be benefied without benefiting the other?

Does the elimination of economic waste in transportation result in a general raising of standards of living? What has been the effect of the invention of the steam railway, the steamship, the automobile, upon standards of living?

What effect would the completion of the St. Lawrence outlet to the sea have upon the relations between the United States and Canada? What effect would it have upon America's trade in bulk commodities with Europe?

Are there any commodities which can be more advantageously carried by rail than by water where the two methods of transportation are in a position to compete?

America First

Defend or attack The Outlook's statements that "Socialistic Germany is not less possessed by military ambition than was Imperial Germany" and "the danger to civilization was hardly greater in 1914 than it is in 1921." Be as specific as you can in the reasons which you give.

What does The Outlook mean when it says, "Co-operation must be between the peoples; not merely between kings and prime ministers"? How can you personally help America to co-operate with France or Great Britain?

Is the analogy which The Outlook draws between the duties of a father and the duties of a government sound?

Is "Safety First" ever a safe motto for a nation?

[1] These questions and comments are designed not only for the use of current events classes and clubs, debating societies, teachers of history and English, and the like, but also for discussion in the home and for suggestions to any reader who desires to study current affairs as well as to read about them.—The Editors.

DEAF?

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CAPITALISM vs. SOCIALISM

PROF. E. R. SELIGMAN

HEAD OF THE DEP'T. OF ECONOMICS, COLUMBIA UNIVERSITY

VERSUS

PROF. SCOTT NEARING

RAND SCHOOL OF SOCIAL SCIENCE

INTRODUCTION BY OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD

EDITOR OF "THE NATION"

SUBJECT—

RESOLVED: THAT CAPITALISM HAS MORE TO OFFER TO THE WORKERS OF THE UNITED STATES THAN HAS SOCIALISM.

HELD IN NEW YORK CITY, JAN. 25, 1921, BEFORE AN AUDIENCE OF 3500. (CERTIFIED STENOGRAPHIC REPORT ILLUSTRATED BY PHOTOGRAPHS OF THE DEBATERS.

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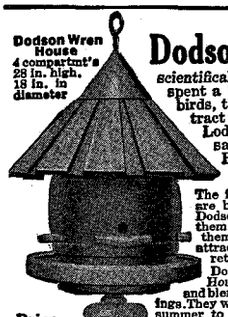

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Don't delay. Erect the Dodson Houses now and let them weather and blend in with the general surroundings. They will keep the birds with you all summer to protect your trees, shrubs, flowers, and gardens, and cheer You with their beauty and song.

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CONTRIBUTORS' GALLERY

DYSART MCMULLEN is a newcomer in the short-story field, although he has contributed verse to a number of magazines. He served as captain in the American Red Cross with the A. E. F., after being rejected for aviation service on account of physical disability. He was educated at Rock Hill College and the University of Maryland. Mingled with his Scotch, Irish, and Welsh blood is a seventeenth-century strain of American Indian. He lives in Catonsville, Maryland.

KATHERINE LOUISE SMITH writes from Minneapolis, Minnesota. She has made many voyages of the Great Lakes and the St. Lawrence on freighters and passenger boats to secure facts presented in her article in this issue.

HOWARD MURRAY JONES writes from Madison, Wisconsin. He tells us in a letter: "Your readers will note a discrepancy. I speak of myself as a dweller in the open country and give my town address. As I am getting older, I like to winter in town, but I stayed out on the farm this year until November." He was awarded first prize in the first of The Outlook's series of prize contests.

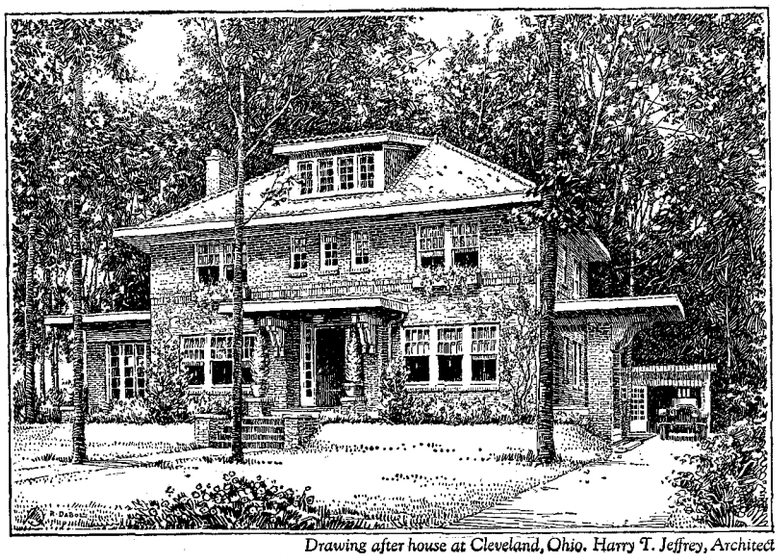
WILLIAM HARRIS GUYER has been President of Findlay College, Findlay, Ohio, since 1914. He was born in Bedford County, Pennsylvania, in 1870, and was educated at Findlay College and Defiance College. He was ordained in the ministry of the Church of God in 1895. He is the author of "Victors of the Faith," "Life of James Arminius," "Our Mothers," "Memories of Our Old Homes," "Messages of Comfort," and other books. During the war he served on the National Speakers' Bureau; he delivers from 100 to 125 addresses annually before graduating classes, farmers' institutes, and ministerial associations. He won second prize in the contest.

ALICE E. CATE lives in Belmont, Massachusetts. She was awarded third prize in the contest.

EDYTHE S. DRAPER lives in Oswego, Kansas. She is the wife of James B. Draper, district manager of the National Life Insurance Company. Mrs. Draper tied with Mrs. Cate for third place.

ISAAC DON LEVINE was born in Russia in 1892 and came to the United States in 1911. He has been a contributor to The Outlook on Russia and has written for numerous magazines. He was formerly on the staff of the New York "Tribune" as editor of the foreign news department. He is the author of "The Russian Revolution," and transcribed "Yashka," the autobiography of Maria Botchkareva, Commander of the Russian Women's Battalion of Death.

He has been a correspondent of the New York "Globe" in Russia, recording especially his observations and impressions of the so-called Government of the Bolsheviki. His article in this issue deals with some of his early experiences.



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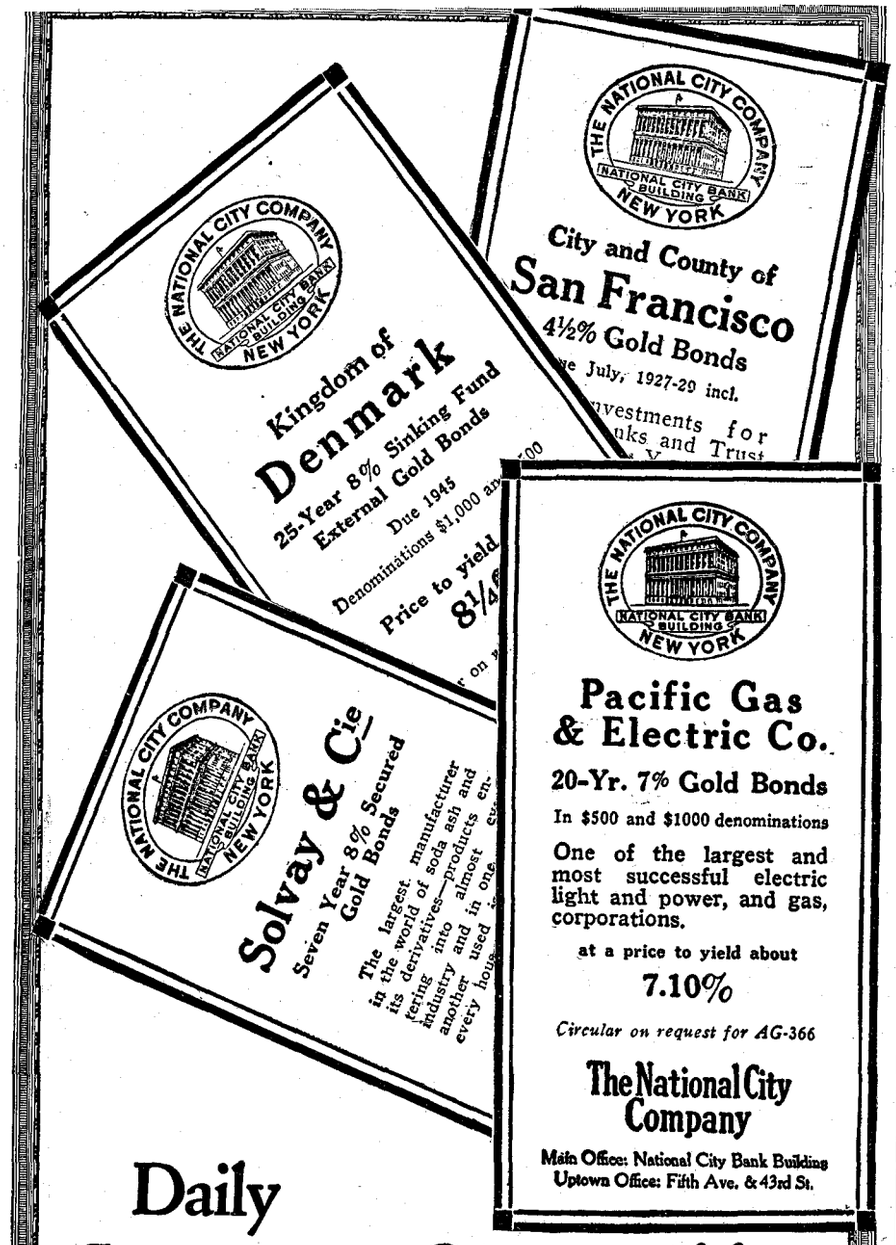

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THE FEDERAL HIGHWAY COUNCIL AND GOOD ROADS

THE question of road maintenance and motor-truck transportation is now being given much attention by State and Federal authorities. An organization of men interested in the proper development of highway transportation facilities is functioning in Washington as the Federal Highway Council. The objects of the Council are:

"To assist in co-ordinating the highways with the other transportation agencies of the country; to encourage the development and improvement of highways that will advance the economic life of the Nation; stimulate their use in such a manner as to facilitate and lessen the transportation of food, raw materials, and finished products, and to co-operate with Government agencies, both National and State, to the end that our highways may be of maximum service in the transportation system of the country."

The Council is making a practical study and analysis of the difficulties which surround an intelligent and economical highway development.

Its work includes: (1) The development of a National policy providing for the establishment of a National highway system to be constructed and maintained by the Federal Government; (2) co-operation with States in their local road problems; (3) the formation of a Transportation Committee to co-operate with the railways, waterways, and other agencies of transportation for the purpose of harmonizing all facilities, and particularly to bring the highway into its proper place for public use; (4) a study of proper road building to meet varying conditions and requirements, also including data on costs of building; (5) information on international highway development for the purpose of encouraging such development in foreign countries.

One of the most important activities of the Council is a study of subsoil in relation to proper road construction. In this connection Mr. S. M. Williams, chairman of the Council, has written us:

"If highway transportation is to become a reality, it must assure its patrons of regularity of service, and in order to do that it must have a dependable road—a road that can be used without handicaps three hundred and sixty-five days in the year, cutting out, of course, Sundays in some cases. Our study in the past has been entirely given to road surfaces, with the result that we know nothing about the soil in its relation to highway construction.

"We are building beautiful roads today, and within a year they go to pieces—possibly not entirely, but to such an extent that the road failures throughout the country, due to the action of subsoil from frost and moisture, are causing a loss of many millions of dollars. They are also causing the public to become dissatisfied with the building of high-type roads. Our Subsoil Committee is not only receiving the co-operation of some of the most eminent engineers throughout the country, but also that of the railroads themselves. They

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'e come to the conclusion that the
e is past when they can continue add-
ballast upon ballast, and that they
st also study the soil in order that
tain conditions may be overcome."
n another letter Mr. Williams again
'rs to the work of the Council as
ows:
In the past our highway development
largely been based upon the 'hur-
' method. In making this statement
do not mean to criticise former
hods; but the truth of the matter is
t we were not getting to the 'grass
ts,' and the average highway through-
the country is selected to-day largely
n the basis of the skill of the ma-
al salesman on the job. With very
exceptions, and they are so few that
y are hardly worthy of mention, we
w nothing of traffic over the high-
s. Until the Federal Highway Coun-
took up the subject and began push-
its study vigorously, we knew noth-
about the soil in its relation to road
struction or road-bearing qualities.
of this has resulted in what you
ht call an unintelligent improvement
he highways.
There is one feature in connection
h the work of our Transportation
mmittee to which we wish to call
r specific attention, and for which
C. W. Reid, manager of our Trans-
tation Bureau and chairman of our
nsportation Committee, is largely re-
nsible. In the first place, our com-
tees represent for the first time in
history of our country the bringing
ether of all transportation agencies
the purpose of studying and in so
as possible intelligently and definitely
igning to each type of transportation
t function for which it is best suited,
i then join hands in the development
that policy. In other words, we are
king the advancement of transporta-
i that will best meet the economic
ds of the country. We believe by
king together we will secure much
ater results than by working single-
ded and fighting each other, as has
n the custom in former years. In
ition to the representatives of the
ious agencies of transportation, such
the railways (steam and electric), the
terways, express companies, and the
hways, we have brought into the
k a large number of men who are
ponsible for the handling of the great
ffic of our country. These men are
lly the buyers of transportation,
whom the various agencies must sell.
have also included the traffic man-
rs of the commercial organizations of
important industrial and agricultural
ters in the United States.
From this you will see that the work
our committees is based, in so far as
sible, upon the needs rather than
n the desires of the seller of traffic.
Underneath the whole highway trans-
tation problem lies the question of
sub-grade, to which we have already
erred. On that committee we have
ne of the ablest engineers in the
ited States."
As to diverting short hauls from rail-
ys to motor trucks, Mr. Williams says:
The Federal Highway Council is

The Seattle Spirit
—an Invincible Civic Force

Seattle built 20.7% of all the vessels that formed the bridge of ships during the war—due entirely to the Seattle Spirit and the Seattle Climate.

Manufacture in Seattle

"the Seaport of Success"

The writer's experience in Seattle is not unique. There are men in Seattle scarcely past middle age who landed on the beach here where a white man's foot had never before trodden. Remember Seattle is but just beginning—the big chances are in the future. You'll be welcome.

Often the spirits of great events stride on before the events and in today already walks tomorrow.
—SCHILLER.

BY C. T. CONOVER

THE SEATTLE SPIRIT is probably the greatest moving force in any community in the world.

In early days Seattle had to fight her way every inch of the way. When disappointed in securing a connection with the first transcontinental railroad the men of Seattle began the construction of a railway with their own hands and the women provided the commissary. It was this spirit that sent a relief fund to the Johnstown flood sufferers when Seattle was in ashes; that gave to Seattle the distinction of being the only American City that escaped a bank failure in 1893; that financed a World Exposition in 24 hours and opened it complete and on time, and that has created a city of over 350,000, the chief railway center and the chief American port on the Pacific, from a crude, straggling settlement of 4,000 within the writer's experience.

What of the future? Already the city's unprecedented combination of advantages and the Seattle Spirit have created one of the great world ports in waterborne commerce. Providence has provided that there also shall be one of the very great industrial centers.

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Publicity Bureau, 903 Arctic Bldg., Seattle

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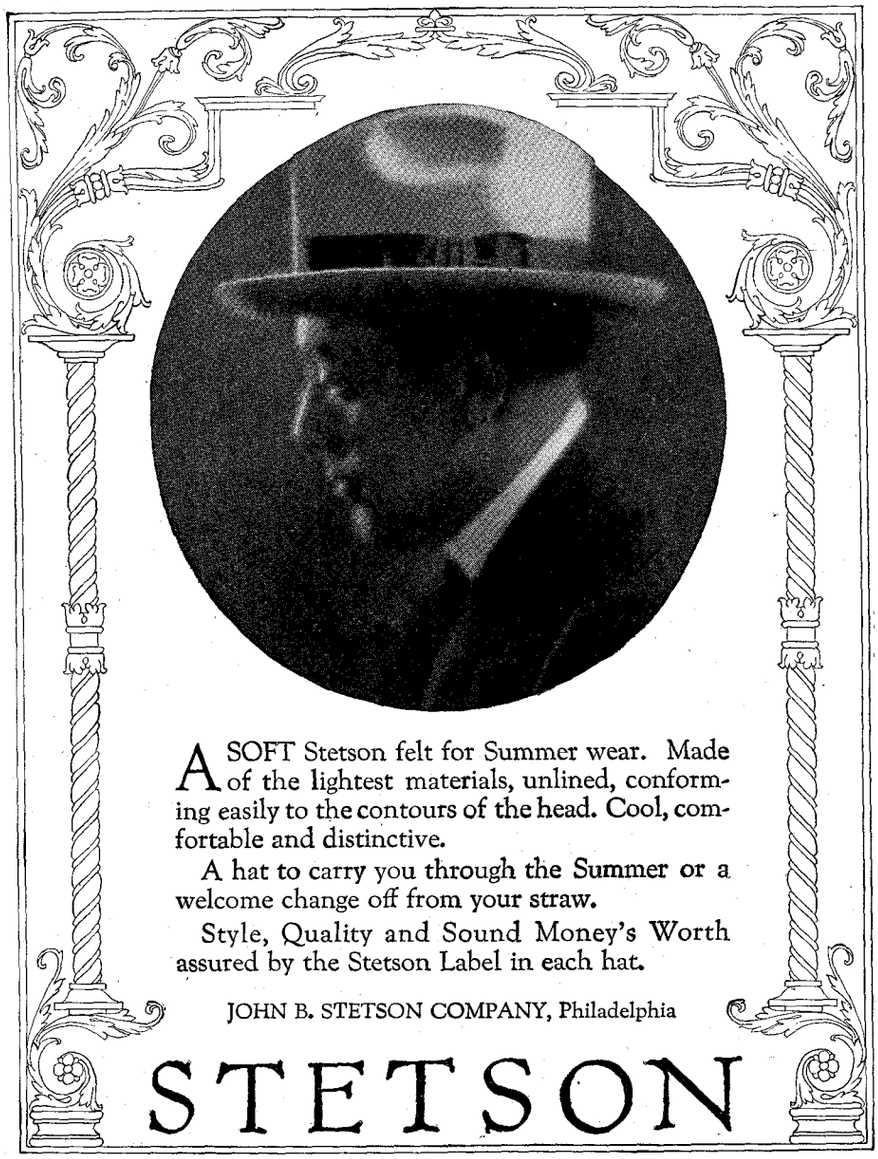
THE FEDERAL HIGHWAY COUNCIL AND GOOD ROADS—(*Continued*)

working upon the belief that the future development of any type of transportation will largely depend upon the economic service which that type may render the communities served. Articles have been written, columns have been published, and the public has been worked up to a fever heat over the tremendous possibilities of diverting the short haul to the highways. I fear, however, that the important part of the entire subject has been overlooked—that is, the necessity for an improved highway.

"Admitting that the short-haul freight is not a function of the railroads, and recognizing the necessity of relief to the railroads so that their equipment may be employed in the longer and more profitable haul, I do not feel that the Public Utilities Commissions of the various States will be willing to relieve the railroads of that responsibility until the public is assured of a substitute that will give at least as satisfactory and dependable a service. With the exception of a few instances, the highways of our country are not in position to assume the burden of the short haul now handled by the railroads; and therefore is it not time to begin the promotion of this subject from the bottom, rather than from the top?

"I feel that as part of the very important work of our Committee, it will be necessary for them first to analyze what intelligently constitutes the short haul. Secondly, they should ascertain by intensive study and investigation highway conditions in the various communities, with a view to encouraging the development of highways necessary to meet this specific traffic need. The entire work of the Federal Highway Council is based upon a policy that should support this work, and as its chairman I can assure you of the full co-operation of the Council."



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WANTED—Housekeeper for next school year in girls' school, vicinity of Philadelphia. Must be energetic and experienced in buying supplies, planning menus, care of material fabric of buildings, and management of large force of servants. 9,477, Outlook.

DIETITIAN and housekeeper who knows her business wanted at summer camp for girls. Good position for right applicant. State all qualifications. 9,489, Outlook.

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COUNCILOR also athletic and swimming director for boys' camp in Maine; preferably private school teachers or men used to working with this type of boy. 9,476, Outlook.

TEACHERS WANTED for colleges, public and private schools—all sections of country (some foreign openings). Ernest Olp, Steger Bldg., Chicago.

WANTED—Teachers all subjects. Good vacancies in schools and colleges. International Musical and Educational Agency, Carnegie Hall, N. Y.

SITUATIONS WANTED

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SMITH College graduate, holding executive position in private school, desires position for summer. Has kept house, and had business and social experience. References exchanged. 9,429, Outlook.

WOMAN with sixteen years' institutional experience, preceded by several years' teaching, desires position as superintendent of small Protestant institution, preferably for girls or young children. 9,481, Outlook.

Companions and Domestic Helpers

MATRON or housekeeper in institution or hotel. Five years' experience. Near New York preferred. 9,482, Outlook.

YOUNG lady, daughter of missionaries, desires to be companion to one or more girls. Seashore or mountains for summer. 9,480, Outlook.

SITUATIONS WANTED

Companions and Domestic Helpers

CULTIVATED gentlewoman, experienced housekeeper and trained nurse, wishes position in home or institution where conscientious work will be appreciated. Mrs. Miller, 31 West 110th St., New York.

SWEDISH masseuse desires position to go to Europe this summer as nursing companion or chaperon. Best references. 9,490, Outlook

WOMAN with executive ability, experienced in management of home and servants, wishes to take charge of home, club, or bachelor's apartment. References given and required. 9,491, Outlook.

Teachers and Governesses

OPPORTUNITY for right family to have delightful companion and tutor for children, home or traveling—young woman of 25 with best experience and references—between May and September. 9,494, Outlook.

STUDENT-WRITER. Refined young man, well educated, wants home with opportunity for study and writing. Would tutor boys, be companion to gentleman, or do other congenial work. Fond of and popular with boys Athletic. Favors outdoor life. 9,495, Outlook

ENGLISH college woman, with 3 years' kindergarten training and experience, desires position as governess. 9,484, Outlook.

ENGLISH governess desires position with family going to England. References. 9,485, Outlook.

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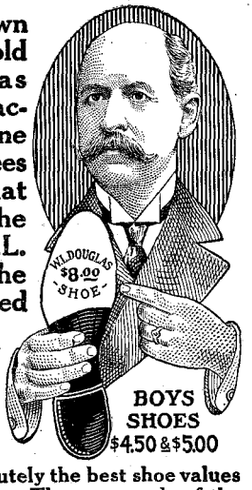

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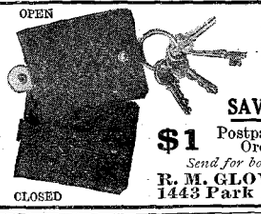

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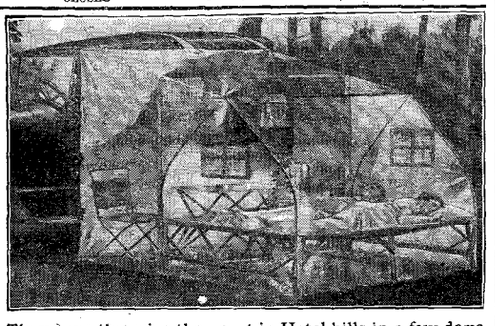

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On sale by reliable dealers. We will mail you on request literature fully describing Tentobeds, also our Autobed, made to use inside of auto.

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BY THE WAY

SOME of the most valuable and productive real estate in the world is at the lower end of Manhattan Island, but there are still patches of vacant, unused land at the northern end. There are even, according to the "Rural New Yorker," five farms left on the island, though the land devoted to this purpose is rapidly diminishing. Eleven years ago the number of farms was 85, while in 1900 there were 184 farms on the island.

A wee lass of Oregon, says a contributor to the "Journal" of the American Medical Association, on her visit to the farm had been initiated in the gathering of eggs. She was sitting on the porch the evening of her arrival. As she listened she heard a cow softly mooing in the distance. "Well, daddy," she said, "I guess the cow has laid a bottle of milk."

Occasionally the photographer scores a hit, as in the following colloquy reported in the "American Trade News Journal:" "'I don't like these photos at all,' he said; 'I look like an ape.' The photographer favored him with a glance of lofty disdain. 'You should have thought of that before you had them taken,' was his reply as he turned back to work."

London is keeping better hours, according to a writer in the "Sphere." "By midnight, London is asleep," he says. "In clubs, suppers no longer exist, and only the legends concerning them and all-night sittings remain. Such legends as this: An actor-manager at 3 o'clock A.M. protested earnestly against the decision to go home announced by the one other member present. 'Don't leave me,' he begged, pathetically, 'to spend the rest of the evening all by myself!'" If this practice of keeping "early hours" is a legacy of the war, London can perhaps in return for the benefit forgive some of the injuries inflicted on her during the great conflict.

The star Betelgeuse, which has recently been measured by Professor Michelson, obtained its name, we are told by an authority, from those keen-eyed students of the heavens in the Middle Ages, the Arabs, who called it Betelgeuse, or "the house of the bridge," according to one translation. The name is spelled in several ways—the Standard Dictionary preferring the form Betelguese. In answer to an inquiry as to the authority for this spelling, we are informed that it was preferred by the late Professor Simon Newcomb. The French forms, Betelgeuse and Betelgeux, were, it is said, the first transliterations of the Arabic, and as such became familiar in English print. Several French encyclopædias, it may be added, prefer the form Beteiguese.

After the above paragraph was written, information came to hand which shows that astronomers as well as doctors disagree. Professor G. F. Cham-

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bers, in his "Handbook of Descriptive and Practical Astronomy," says: "Betelgueze [note the spelling] is a corruption of *ibt-al-jauza*, signifying 'the shoulder of the Jauza (or 'Central one'). . . . The ancients were in the habit of indicating the locality of a star by its position in the constellation to which it belonged. This custom was also followed by the Arabians, and indeed many of the names applied by them are still retained in a corrupted form."

"One of our students bought a book called 'Feeding the Family,' which we are using in a 'nutrition course,'" writes a member of a college faculty. A bill was sent to her father containing the item:

Jan. 6 Feeding the Family..... $2.40

The father wrote in reply:

I am returning bill received to-day for correction. I notice the item "Feeding the Family," $2.40. This is a mistake, as none of my family were fed by any one in your city except my daughter who is one of your regular boarding scholars.

Wages in some lines of work are said to be "coming down;" but the following advertisement clipped from a New York City daily paper seems to show that some skilled women workers are still able to make a comfortable living:

MILLINER—Designer and trimmer wanted; permanent position; from $75 to $100 per week; Jersey City Heights. Address ——, etc.

The beginnings of the German Empire which has recently collapsed are somewhat amusingly sketched in a book called "And the Kaiser Abdicates." There were in 1815 more than three hundred territorial sovereignties in Germany, the author says. Some of the principalities were less than one square mile in extent. "The existence of scores of small states, each with its own tariffs, currency, and posts, hindered economic development. A traveler, believing himself near the end of his day's journey, found his way barred by the customs officials of another tiny principality. Angered at the unexpected delay, he refused to submit to another examination. 'You aren't a country,' he said. 'You're just a spot. I'll go around you.' And this he did, without being seriously delayed in reaching his destination."

A sojourner in China, recently returned, indicates the congestion of population there and the Chinese indifference to death by the following story: One of his Chinese servants failed to "show up" on two successive days. On the third day he noticed a stranger at work in his house. "Who are you?" he said; "and where is Chang?" "Chang he dead," was the matter-of-fact reply; "I your man now. I come do his work. He dead."

Mrs. Goodhart, as reported in the Buffalo "Express"—"What would you say if I gave you a nice drink of lemonade?" Neighbor's Precocious Child—"Here's lookin' at you, ma'am!"

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Reg. Trade Mark

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